



PDC

# The Adventures of Robin Hood



10c

NOV. No.8

Seen coast-to-coast  
on CBS-TV, starring  
RICHARD GREENE





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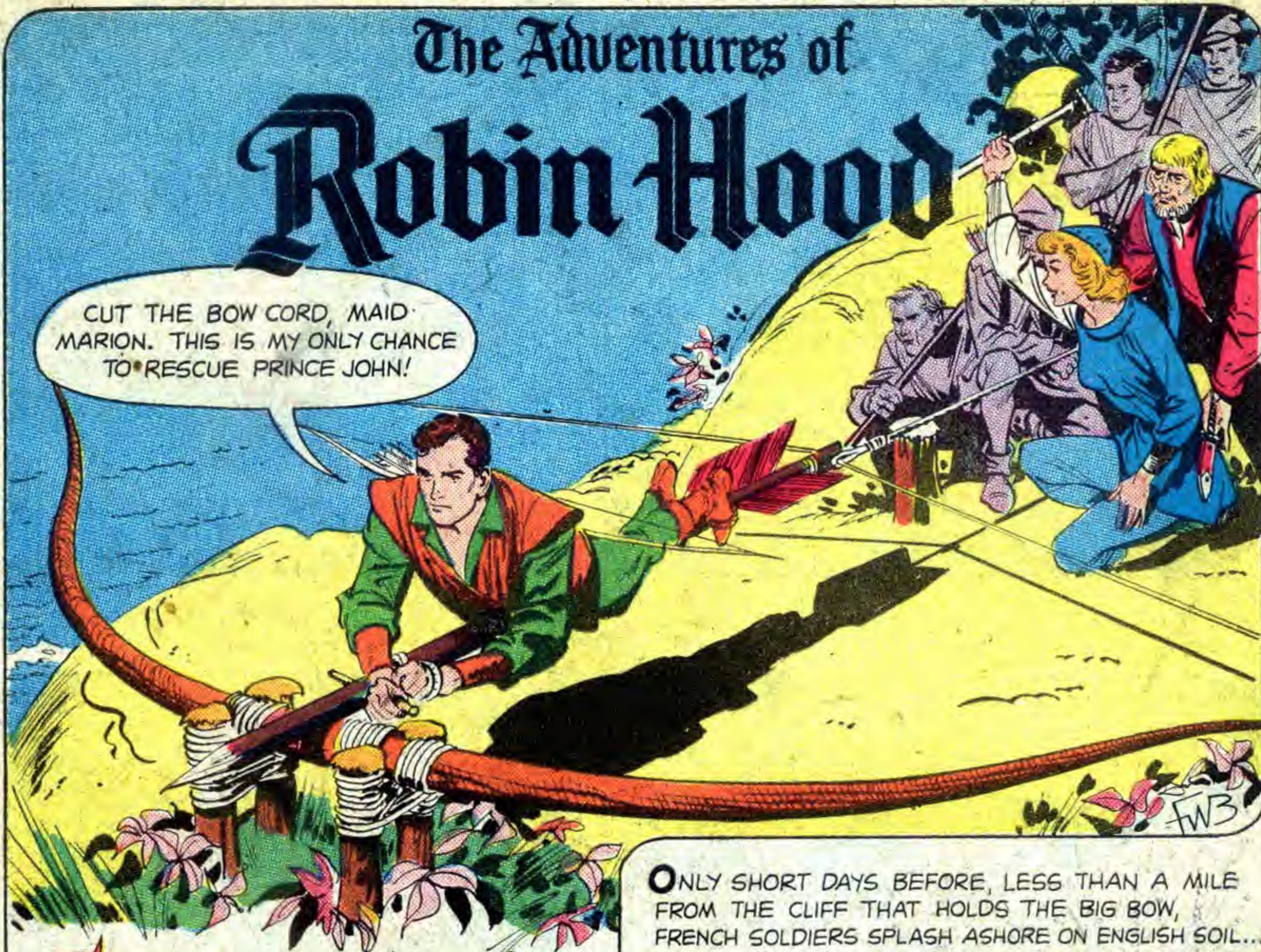
Maid Marion





# The Adventures of Robin Hood

CUT THE BOW CORD, MAID MARION. THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO RESCUE PRINCE JOHN!



**G**RASPING A GIANT ARROW FITTED TO A MASSIVE BOW, ROBIN HOOD PREPARES FOR THE STRANGEST JOURNEY EVER MADE BY MAN! TO RESCUE HIS ARCH ENEMY, PRINCE JOHN OF ENGLAND, THE GREAT ARCHER OF SHERWOOD FOREST BECOMES—  
**THE HUMAN ARROW!**

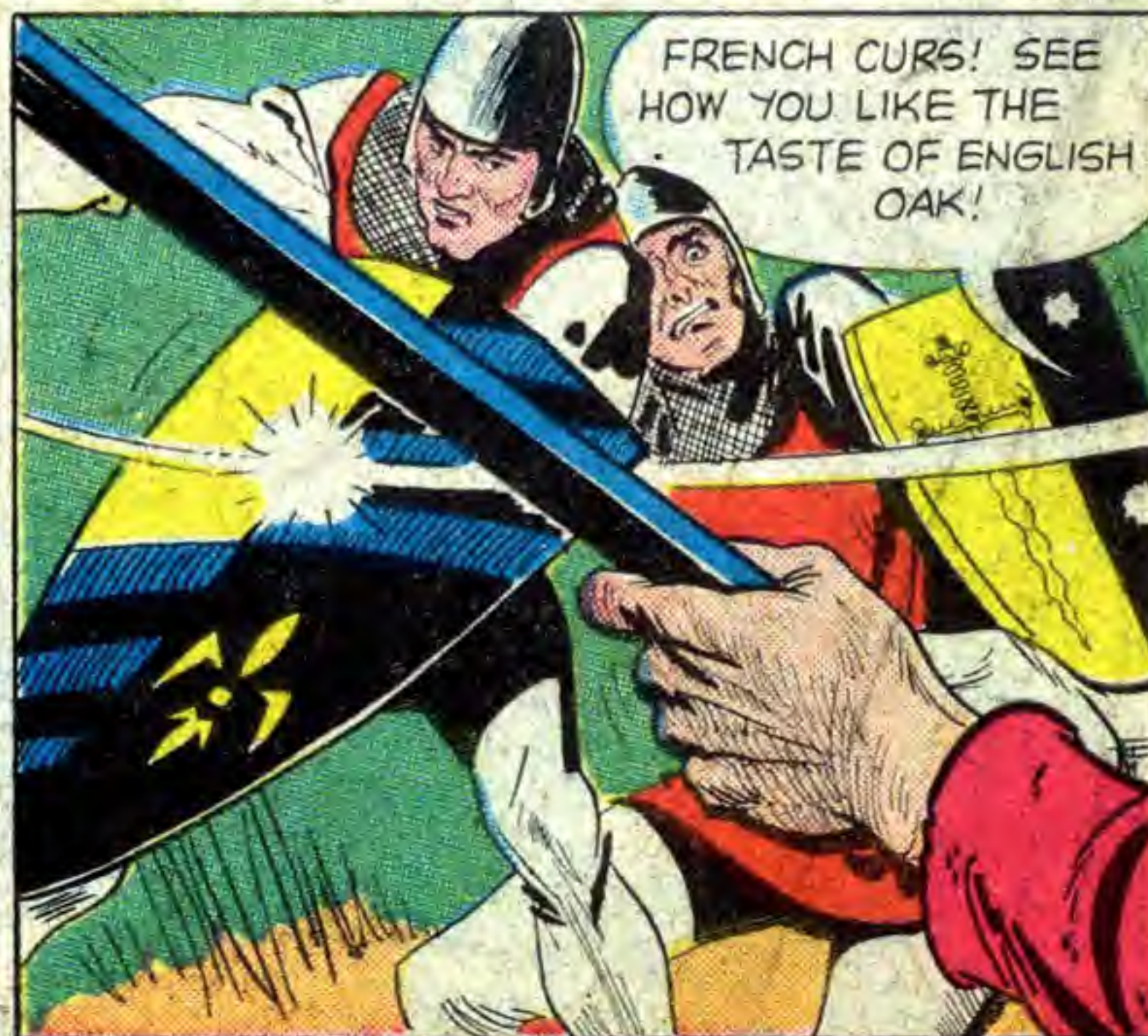
ONLY SHORT DAYS BEFORE, LESS THAN A MILE FROM THE CLIFF THAT HOLDS THE BIG BOW, FRENCH SOLDIERS SPLASH ASHORE ON ENGLISH SOIL...



**W**ITHOUT WARNING, THEY FALL ON A LITTLE CAMP OF SOLDIERS WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO GUARD THE COASTAL BEACHES...



**O**NE MAN ALONE STANDS BEFORE THEIR ATTACK!





**A** SWIRL IN BATTLE FORTUNES, AND THE GIANT DEFENDER IS REVEALED AS LITTLE JOHN OF THE MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST!

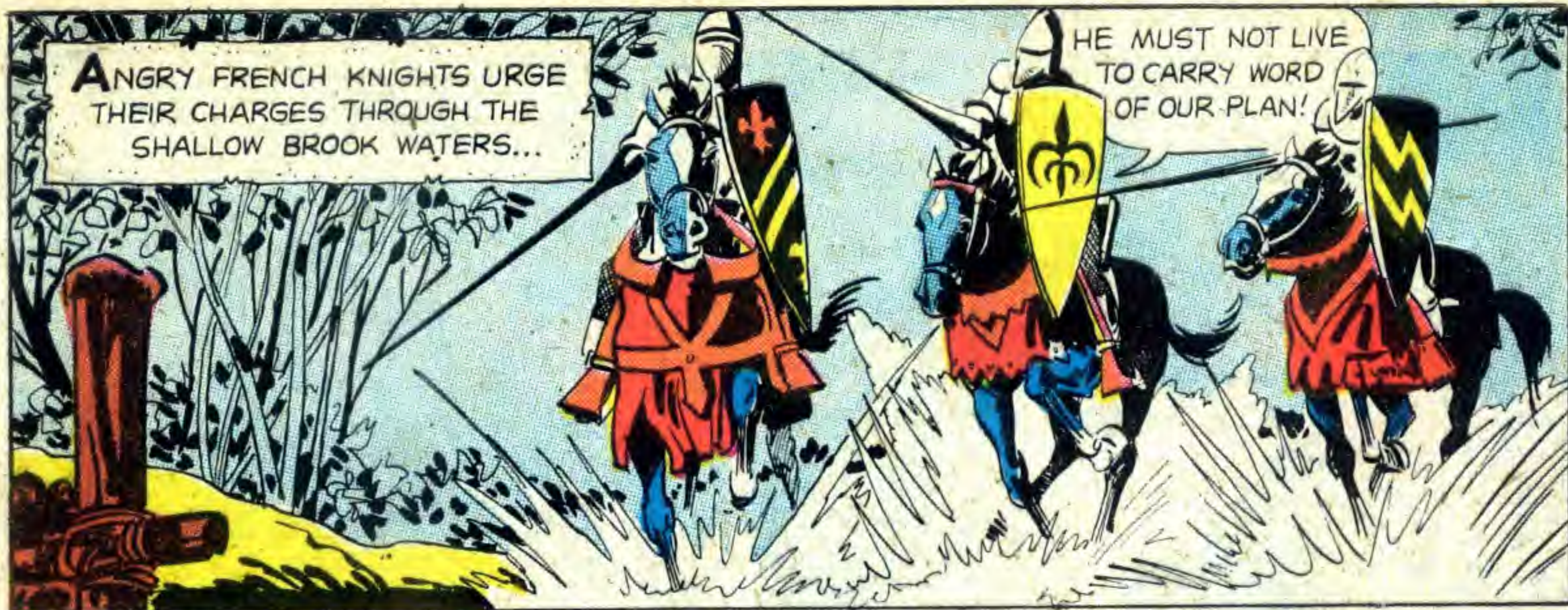


**O**NE MAN ALONE CANNOT HOLD OFF A HUNDRED, AND SOON THE GIANT FORESTER TAKES TO HIS HEELS...

**W**HEN HE REACHES THE END OF THE LOG BRIDGE, LITTLE JOHN LEAPS INTO THE WATER—







ANGRY FRENCH KNIGHTS URGE  
THEIR CHARGES THROUGH THE  
SHALLOW BROOK WATERS...

HE MUST NOT LIVE  
TO CARRY WORD  
OF OUR PLAN!

...BUT THE CANNY FORESTER IS  
WELL HIDDEN FROM THEIR EYES...

AS DAWN SIFTS THROUGH SHER-  
WOOD FOREST...



AYE! NO ONE MUST  
KNOW WE PLAN TO  
MAKE **PRINCE JOHN**  
OUR **PRISONER!**



ROBIN—ROUSE  
UP! ENGLAND  
HAS BEEN  
INVADED! I WAS  
VISITING MY  
FRIENDS OF THE  
COAST PATROL  
WHEN THE  
INVADERS  
ATTACKED!



THEY ARE LED BY DUC  
DE FLEUROY. HE PLANS TO  
MAKE PRINCE JOHN A PRISONER,  
TO COMPEL HIM TO SIGN A PAPER  
AUTHORIZING THE KING OF  
FRANCE TO RULE ENGLAND  
IN HIS PLACE.



THIS I HEARD WHILE  
I LAY HIDDEN IN A  
TREE. WHAT SHALL  
WE DO?

DO? WE'LL  
**RESCUE**  
HIM!



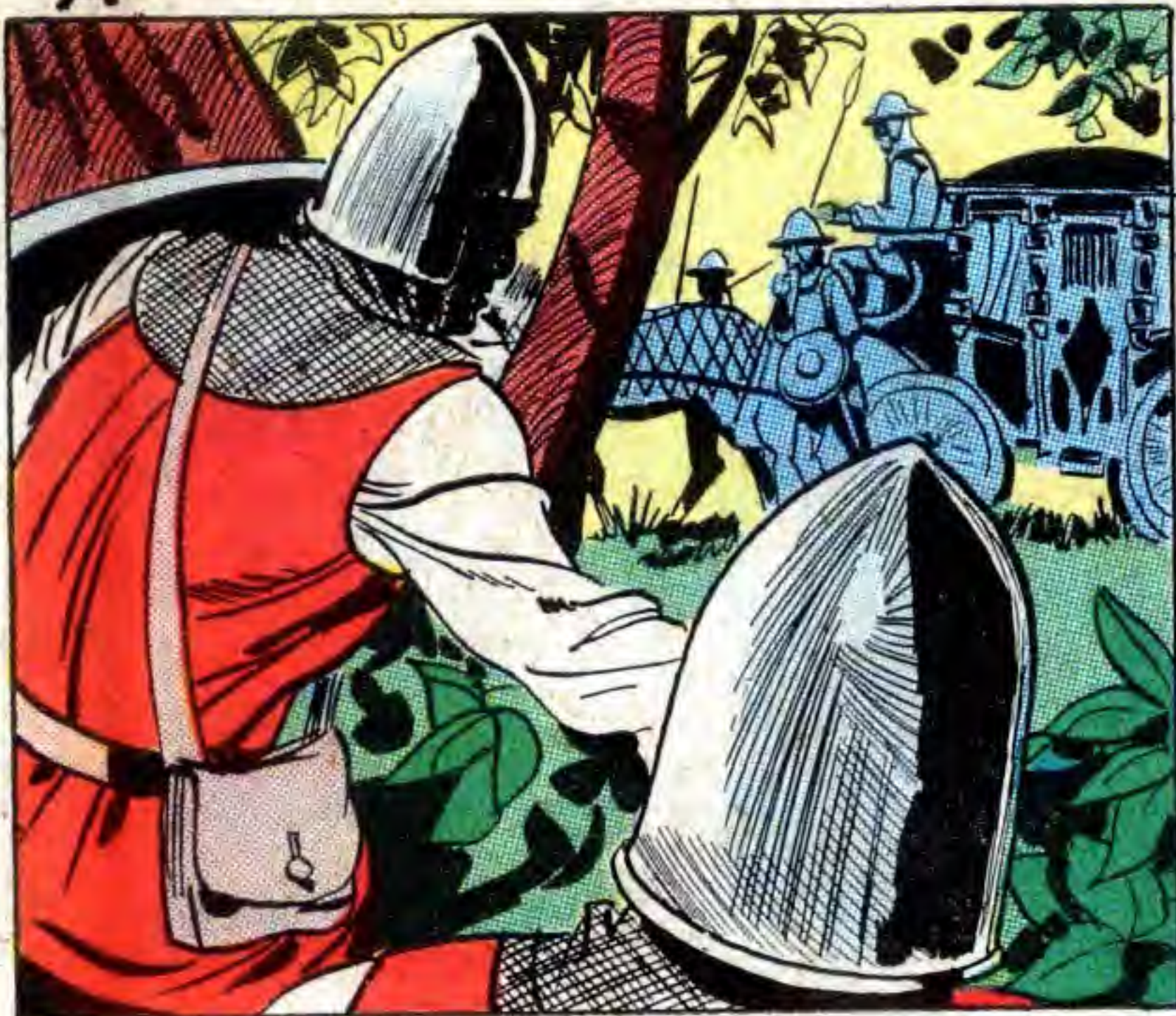
PRINCE JOHN AND I HAVE  
DISAGREED ON MANY THINGS—  
BUT HE STILL REMAINS THE  
LIEGE LORD OF ENGLAND, IN  
PLACE OF KING RICHARD, WHO  
IS AWAY ON THE CRUSADES!



WE OWE PRINCE JOHN  
ALLEGIANCE AGAINST ALL  
**INVADERS!** PRAY THAT  
WE BE IN TIME TO  
RESCUE HIM!



ALONG THE COAST ROAD TO YORK—

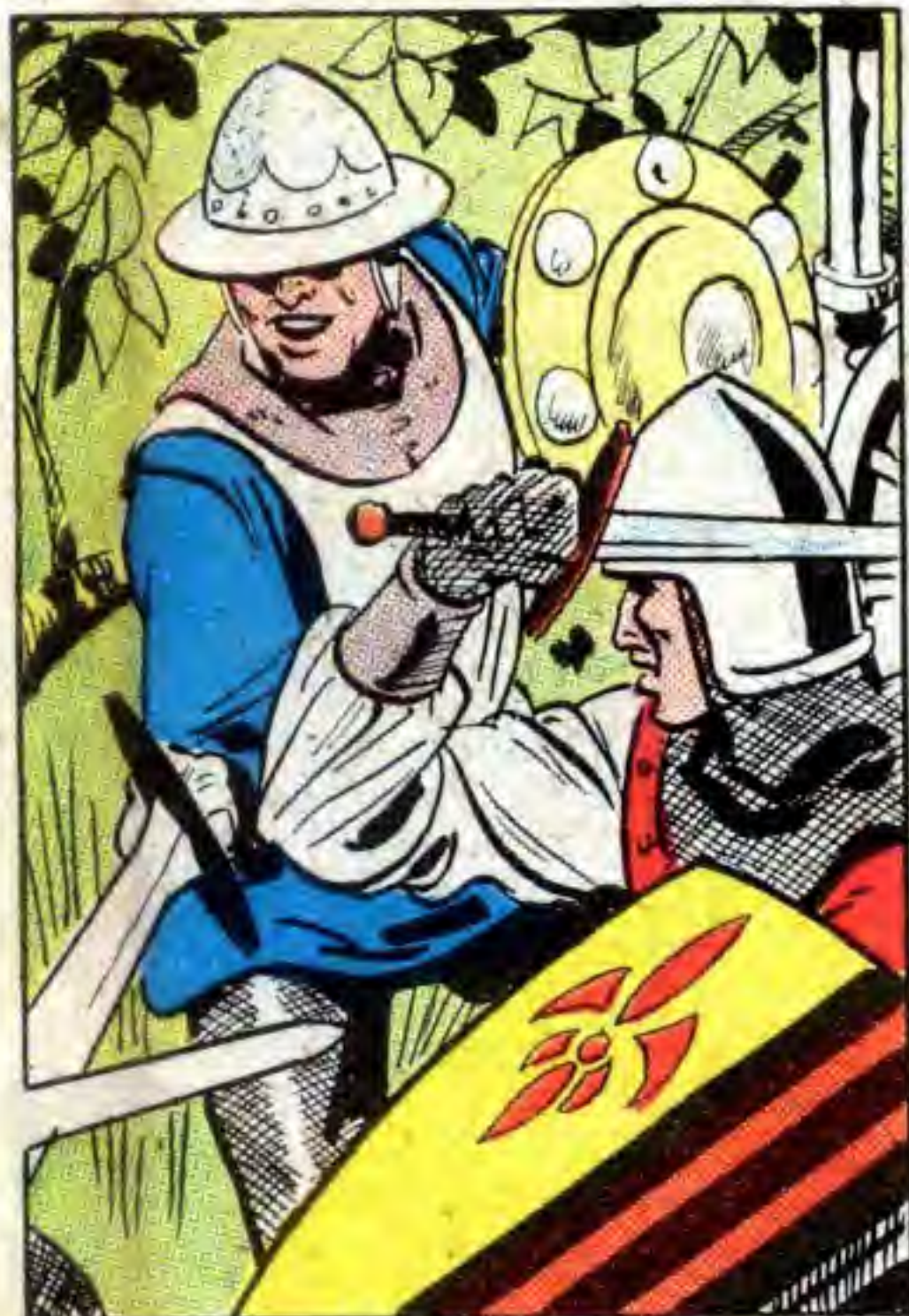


SUDDENLY THE FRENCH WAR CRY SPLITS THE AIR—



FIGHTING FIERCELY, THE ENGLISH MEN-AT-ARMS GO DOWN BEFORE THE RELENTLESS ONRUSH OF MAILED INVADERS...

PRINCE JOHN IS DRAGGED FROM HIS LITTER—



MEANWHILE, IN FLAT MARSH BOATS, THE MERRY MEN HURRY TO THE RESCUE...

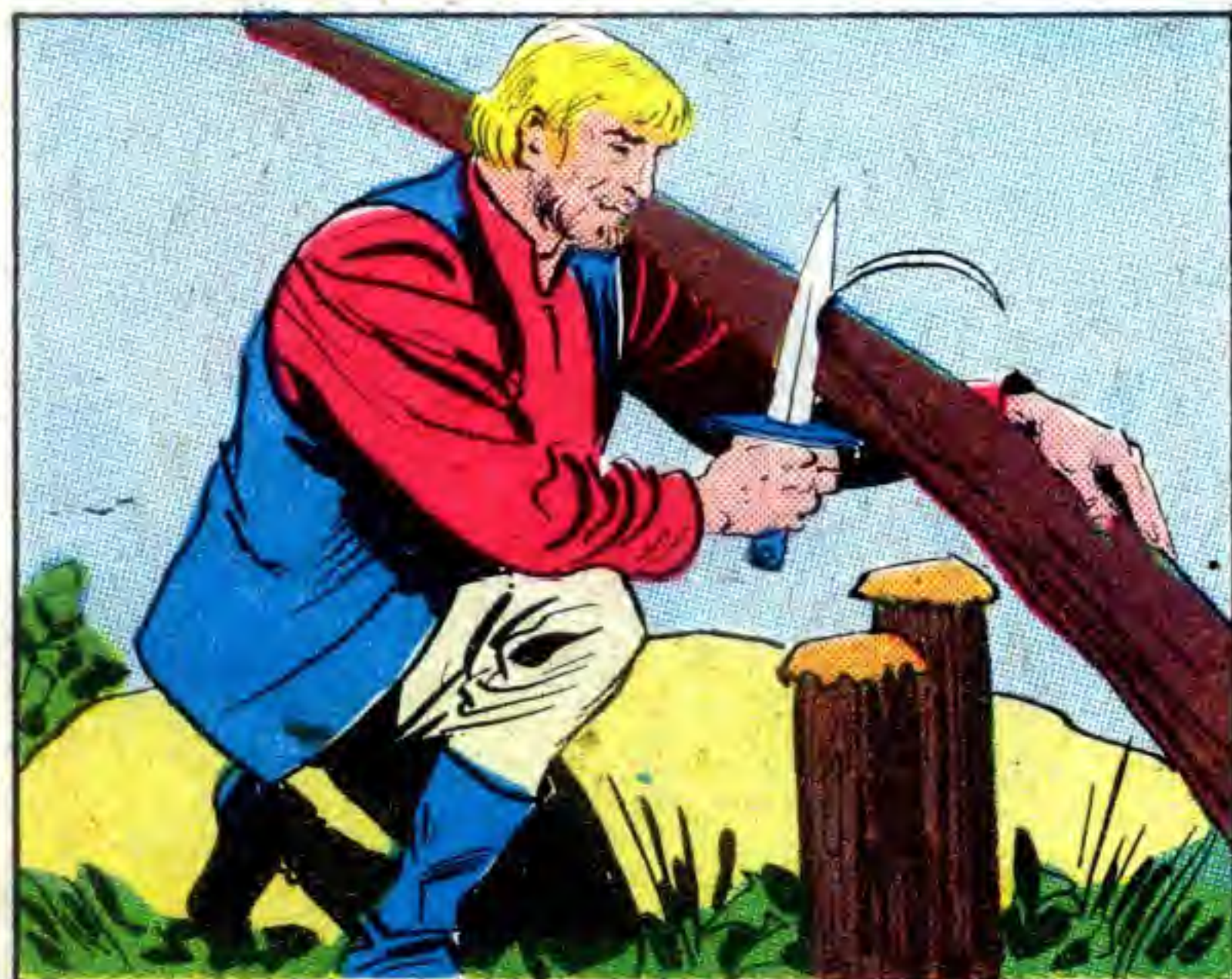




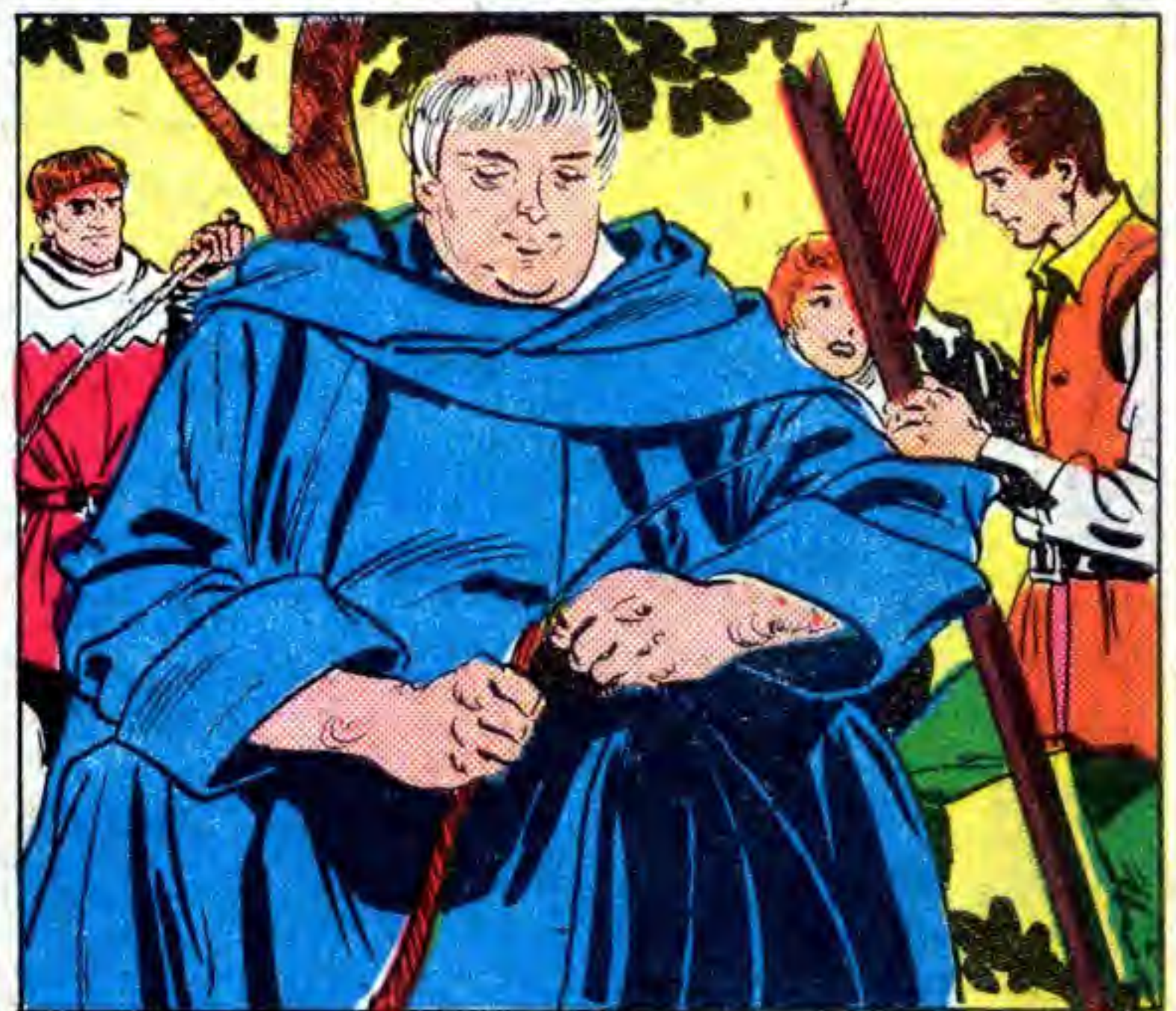
THEY MARCH OVERLAND FROM THE LINCOLN MARSHES, UNTIL—



LITTLE JOHN AND HIS GREAT MUSCLES SOON SHAPE A MIGHTY BOW FROM A SLIM SAPLING—



FRIAR TUCK FASHIONS THE POWERFUL BOWSTRING—



WHEN ALL IS IN READINESS, ROBIN HOOD MOUNTS THE ARROW. THE STRING IS DRAWN TAUT—MAID MARIAN'S KNIFE FLASHES—



HIGH INTO THE BLUE VAULT OF SKY SOARS THE LONG ARROWSHAFT, WITH ITS HUMAN RIDER—

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO REACH THE SHIP BEFORE ITS SAILS FILL WITH WIND AND IT TAKES OFF FOR FRANCE—BEFORE MY MERRY MEN IN THEIR BOATS CAN REACH IT!



LIKE A DYING BIRD, THE ARROW PLUMMETS SEAWARD—

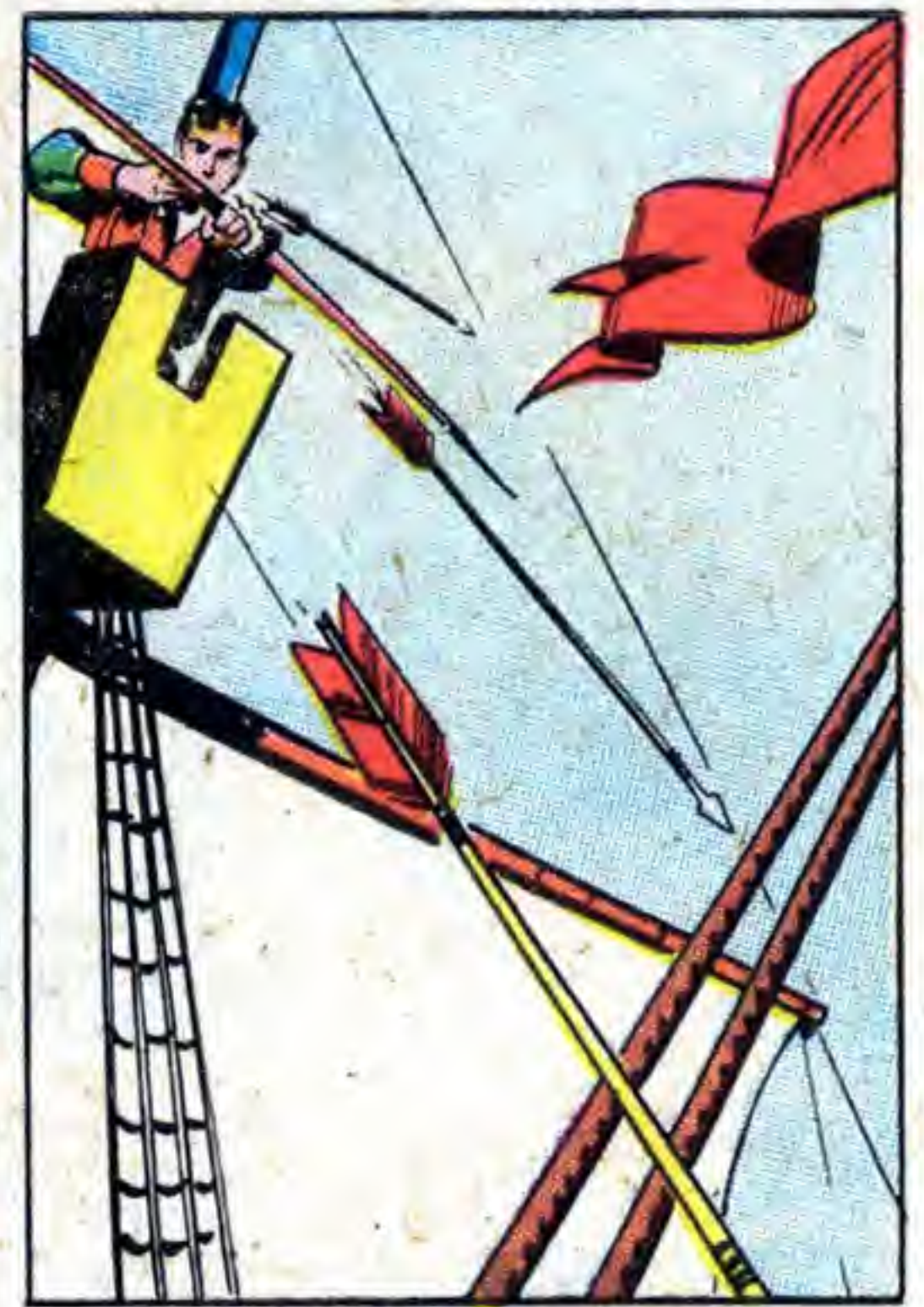




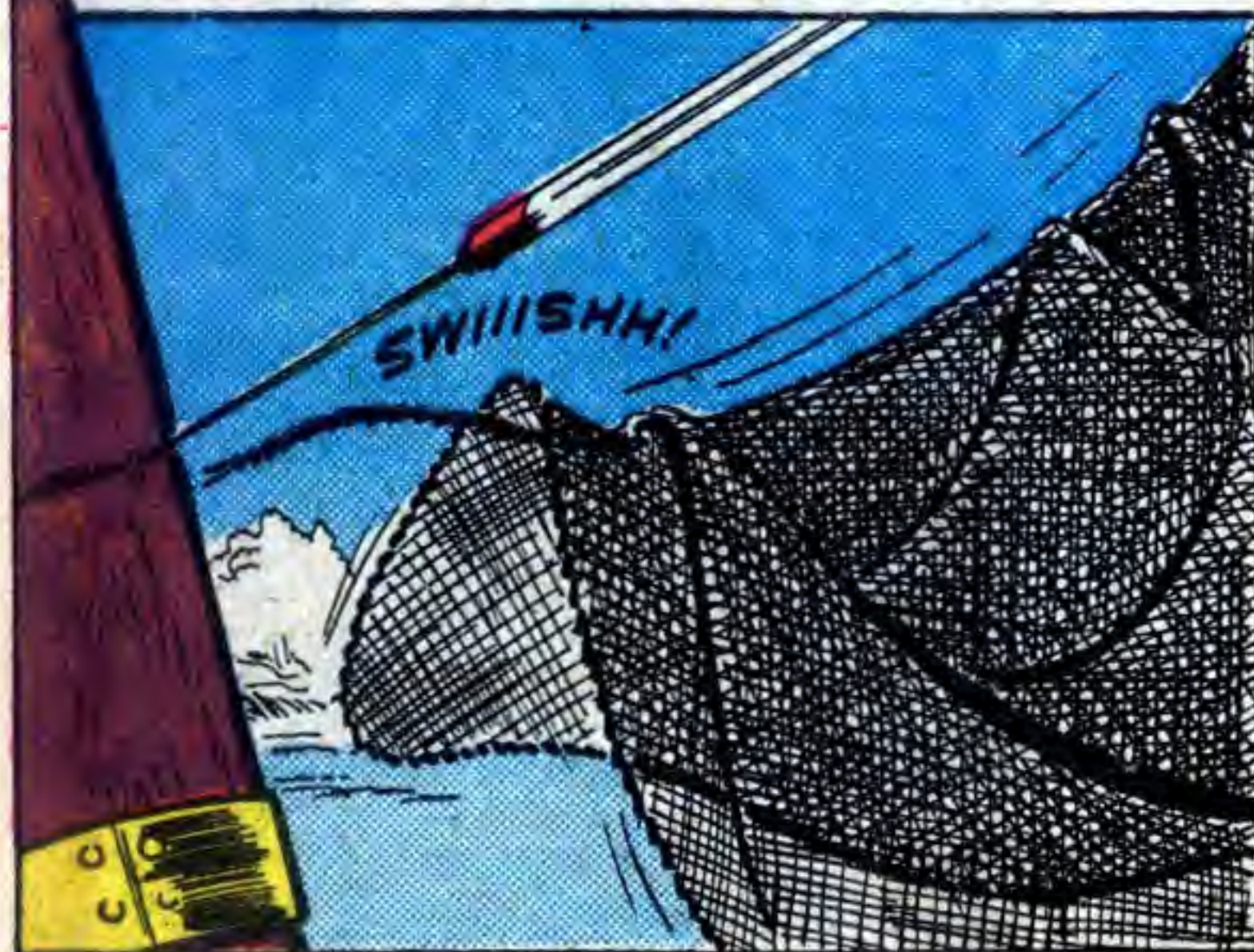
POWERFUL HANDS DART OUT TO FASTEN ON SOLID WOOD, AND THEN—



UNSHIPPING HIS BOW, THE GREAT ARCHER SENDS THREE SHAFTS WHIZZING DECKWARD—



HIS FIRST ARROW CUTS THE ROPE THAT HOLDS ALOFT THE WRECKAGE NET—



THE NET DROPS ON THE HELMSMAN, ITS WEIGHT KNOCKING HIM OFF HIS FEET, HIS OWN STRUGGLES ENTANGLING HIM HELPLESSLY...



THE SECOND ARROW DRIVES HARD INTO THE HELM VEERING THE SHIP ABOUT...

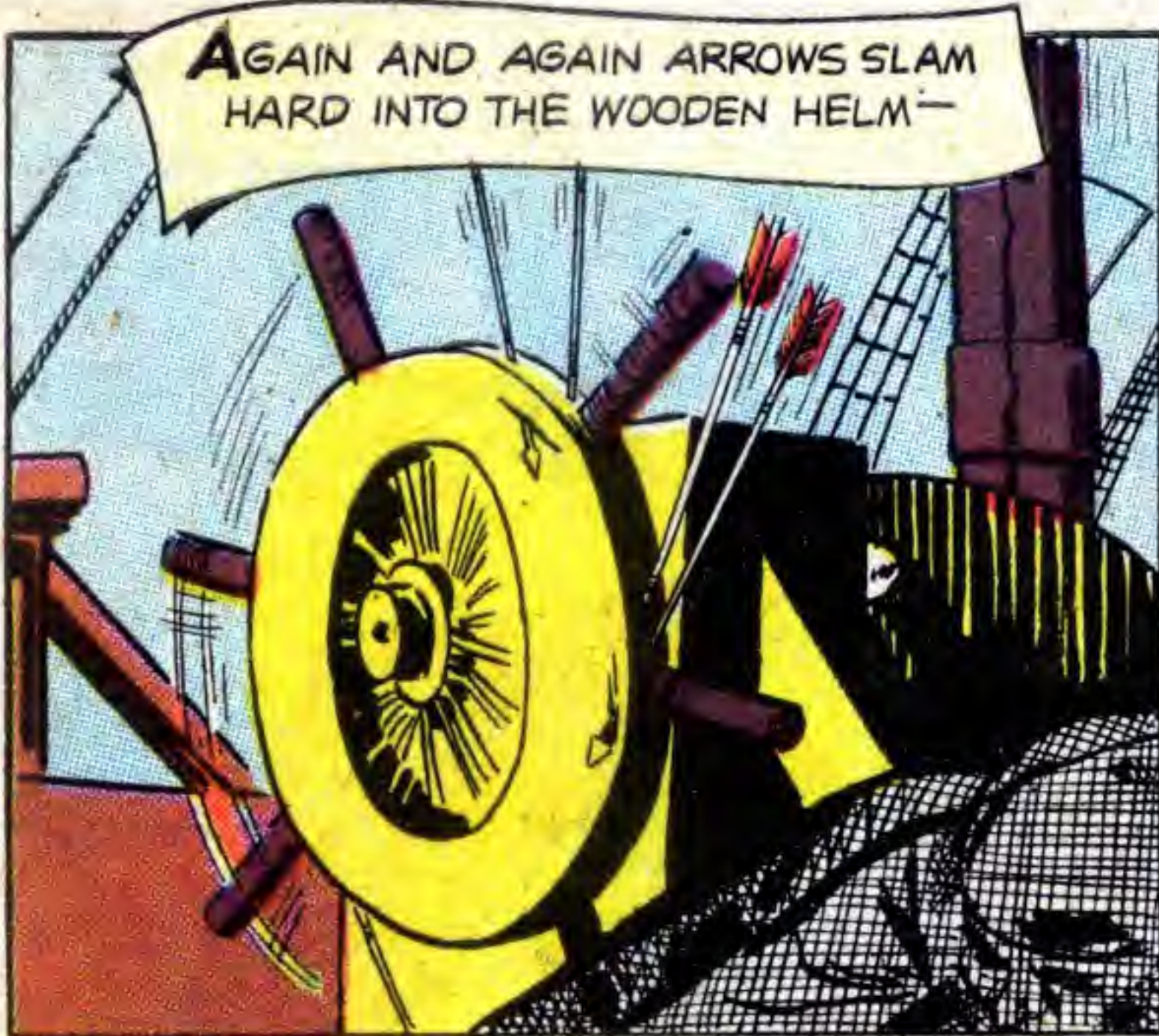


HIS THIRD CUTS DEEP INTO THE AFTERDECK STAIR—





AGAIN AND AGAIN ARROWS SLAM  
HARD INTO THE WOODEN HELM—



SLOWLY, AS THOSE SHAFTS TURN THE HUGE  
WHEEL THAT OPERATES THE RUDDER, THE  
FRENCH SHIP VEERS AND STANDS IN  
TOWARD THE LAND...



RACING TO MEET IT COME THE  
BOATS OF THE MERRY MEN—



ROBIN STEERS  
THE SHIP  
TOWARD US!

AIE! THE SHIP  
COMES TOWARD  
US AS WE ROW  
TOWARD IT!

HIGH IN THE CROW'S NEST,  
ROBIN HOOD STRIKES FLAME  
FROM HIS TINDER BOX AND  
SETS AN ARROW BLAZING...



THESE WILL GIVE OUR  
INVADERS SOMETHING  
TO DO UNTIL THE MERRY  
MEN SWING ABOARD!

HALF A DOZEN FIRES KEEP  
THE CREW AND SOLDIERS RACING  
WITH WATER BUCKETS...



WE ARE SO BUSY  
DOWN HERE, WE CAN'T  
GET UP TO THE CROW'S  
NEST TO DISLODGE  
HIM!

AS THE MERRY MEN SWARM UP THE  
WOODEN SIDES OF THE SHIP, ROBIN HOOD  
DROPS TO LEAD THEM—



FOR ENGLAND  
AND KING  
RICHARD!

THE BATTLE ENDS IN THE CABIN OF THE DUC DE  
FLEUROY WITH HIS SURRENDER...



I OWE MY LIFE--  
MY VERY KINGDOM TO  
YOU, ROBIN HOOD!

YOU ARE THE KING'S  
BROTHER, SIRE. AND OUR  
LIEGE LORD--AT LEAST  
WHERE INVADERS ARE  
CONCERNED!

The End

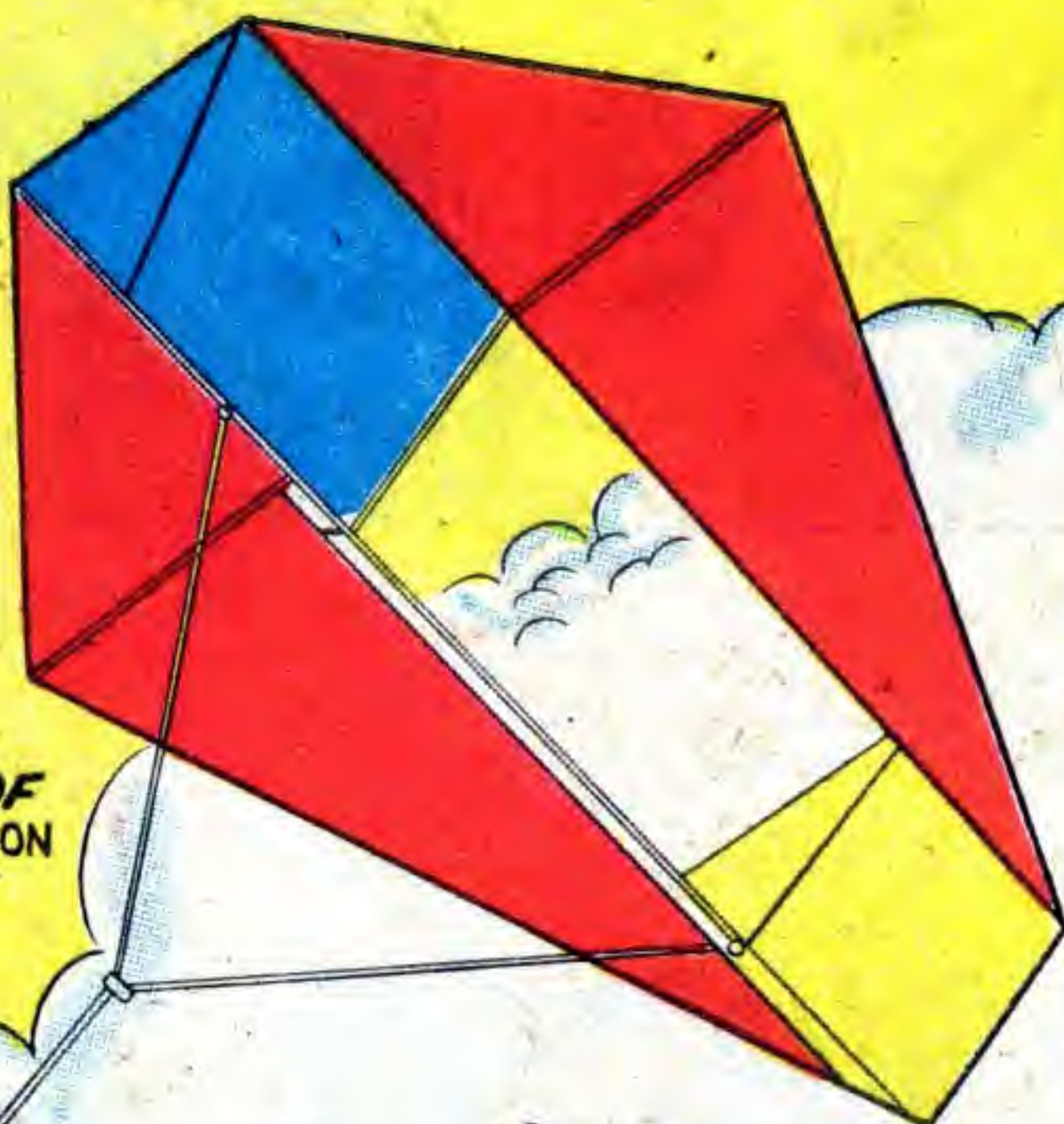


# SPACE-KITE

CAN FLY HIGHER  
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MADE OF **TEAR-PROOF**  
ACETATE **CLOTH** PRECISION  
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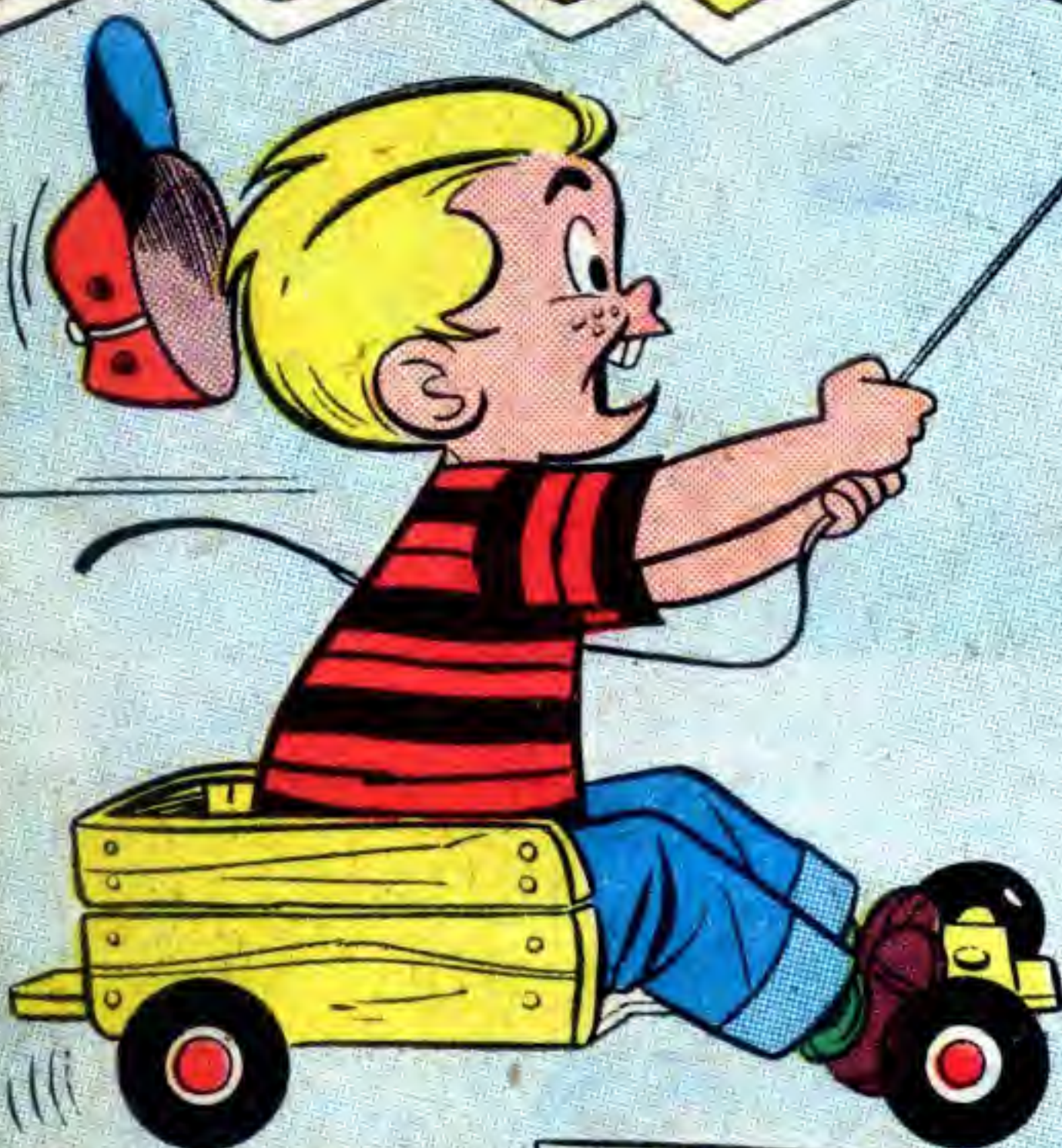
CAN PULL YOU  
ON A TOY WAGON  
OR ON A SLED!

DELUXE SPACE-KITE (35" HIGH)  
COMPLETE WITH 250 FEET OF  
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A CONTROLLABLE **3** DIMENSIONAL  
AERONAUTICAL KITE THAT CLIMBS,  
ZOOMS, GLIDES!

**FLY THE YEAR AROUND  
ALL WEATHER**



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OVER THE  
WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT

SEND  
FOR IT  
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**DELUXE SPACE-KITE**, including cord (\$2.98) ☐

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# The Adventures of Robin Hood



**T**HE SOUND OF GALLOPING RISES LIKE SULLEN THUNDER ABOVE THE CHURNING DUST ON THE ROAD TO NOTTINGHAM! VENGEANCE RIDES THIS ROAD TODAY... VENGEANCE TO BE WREAKED BY **THREE WHO CAME BACK!**

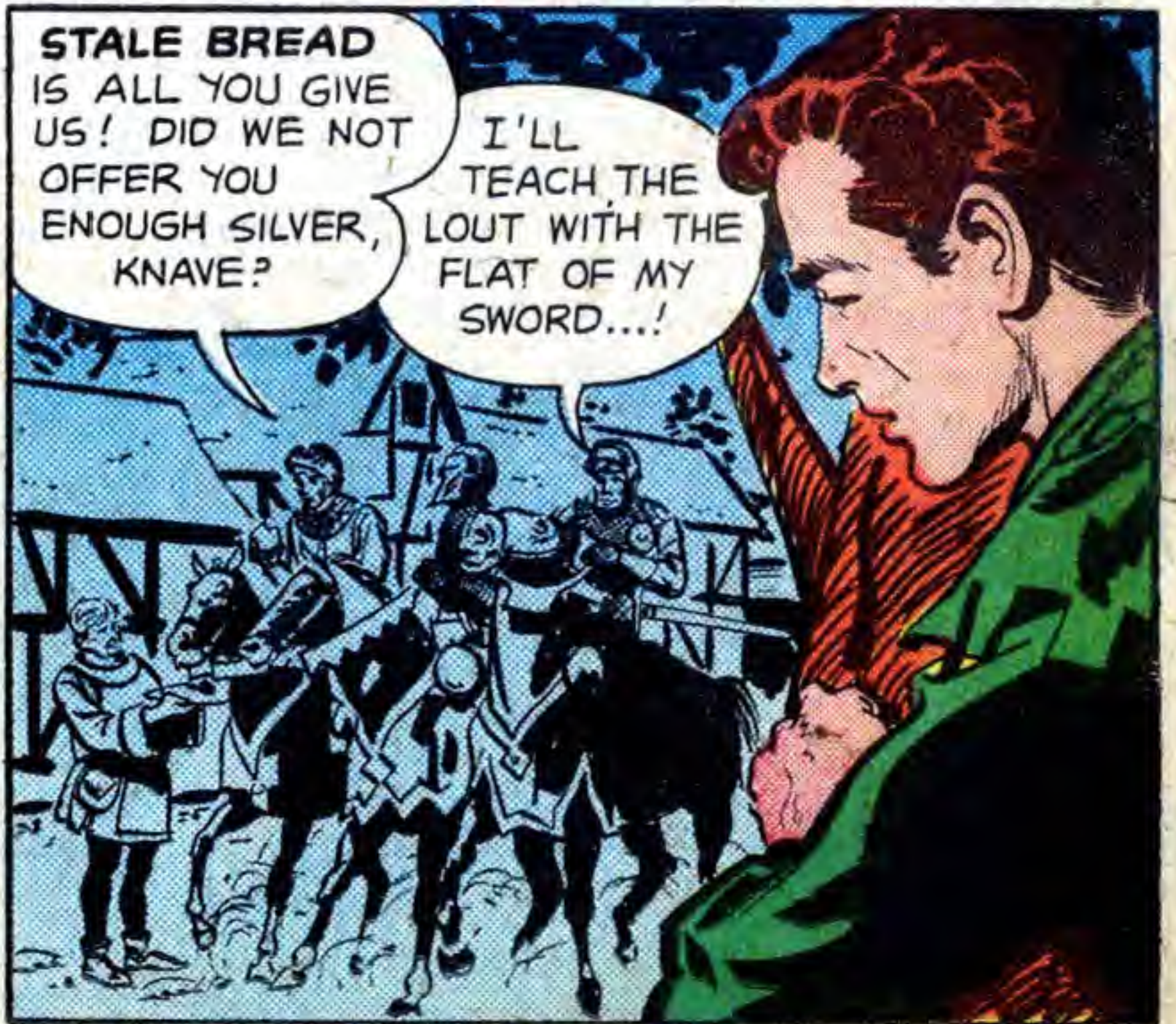


**T**HEY WHO RIDE WITH RAISED VISORS ARE SIR BRUCE OF LINCOLN AND SIR HUGH OF STAFFORD! **BEFORE** EMBARKING FOR THE CRUSADES, BOTH WERE KNOWN FOR THEIR GENTLE DISPOSITIONS! BUT **NOW**, RETURNED TO ENGLAND, THEIR HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH TERRIBLE ANGER AGAINST ALL COMMONERS...!

**E**VEN VENGEFUL MEN MUST SEEK REPAST...

**STALE BREAD** IS ALL YOU GIVE US! DID WE NOT OFFER YOU ENOUGH SILVER, KNAVE?

I'LL TEACH THE LOUT WITH THE FLAT OF MY SWORD...!











GOOD PARRY, ROBIN!

SIR OSRIC?

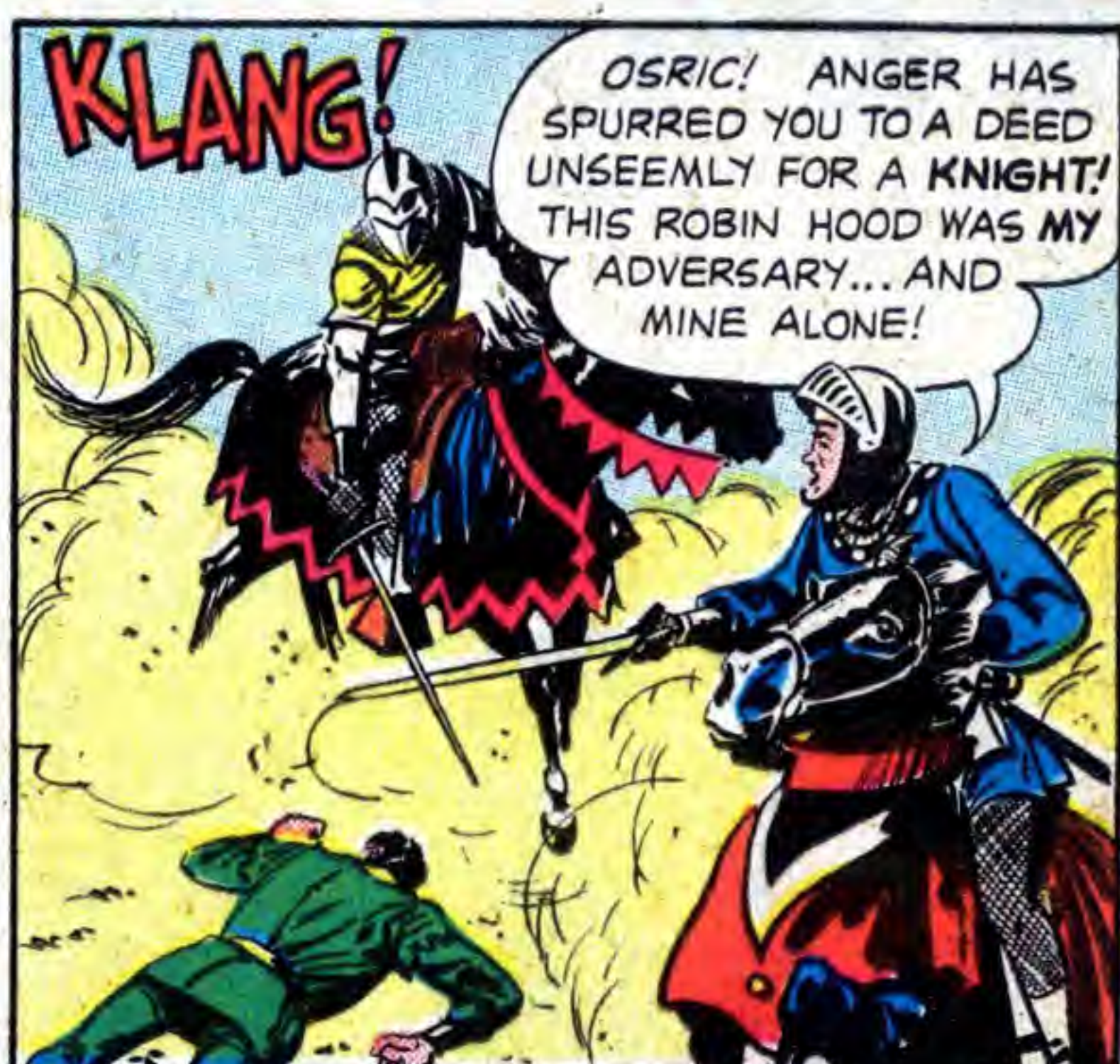


PUNISHMENT IS BEST DEALT SWIFTLY, AND FROM WHERE LEAST EXPECTED!

SLAP!



AND NOW I'LL HAVE HIS LIFE, OR I WRONGLY BEAR THE TITLE OF...



KLANG!

OSRIC! ANGER HAS SPURRED YOU TO A DEED UNSEEMLY FOR A KNIGHT! THIS ROBIN HOOD WAS MY ADVERSARY... AND MINE ALONE!



TO SLAY HIM NOW WOULD BE AN EVEN WORSE INFRACTION OF THE CODE OF CHIVALRY!

YOU ARE RIGHT, MY FRIENDS! FURY BLINDED ME!



HEAR ME, COMMONERS! I PERMIT THIS KNAVE TO LIVE! BUT TAKE WARNING... FROM THIS MOMENT ON, DEATH SHALL BE THE FATE OF ANY WHO DARE DEFEY THE THREE WHO CAME BACK!



AWAY FROM HIM! LET HIM GROVEL IN THE DUST AND LICK HIS OWN WOUNDS! THAT IS MY ORDER!



DESPITE THE GRIM ORDER...

AT THAT MOMENT...



CEDRIC,  
YOU SHOULD  
NOT HAVE  
BROUGHT  
ME HERE.

**YOU** HAVE RISKED  
YOUR NECK FOR  
US A DOZEN TIMES!  
... BUT WHERE **IS**  
THAT LAD? I SENT  
HIM, FOR FRESH  
EGGS TO GIVE  
YOU STRENGTH!



BEHOLD WHAT APPROACHES!  
**FRESH EGGS!**



WHEN **WE** OFFER  
GOOD SILVER, THERE  
WERE NO EGGS TO  
BE HAD!

**WHERE**  
DO YOU  
CARRY  
THEM, LAD?  
AND TO **WHOM?**

P-PLEASE,  
SIRE...!



TH- THEY'RE  
FOR **ROBIN HOOD**  
WHO LIES WOUNDED IN  
MY FATHER'S  
COTTAGE!

**WHAT?!** THE COMMONER  
**DARED** TAKE HIM IN, IN  
DEFIANCE OF MY  
ORDER...!



DO YOU **STILL**  
WISH TO SPEAK OF  
OUR CODE, GOOD  
FRIENDS?

**THEY** DARED  
DEFY A KNIGHT...  
EVEN **AFTER** THE  
LIFE OF THEIR  
FELLOW HAD BEEN  
SPARED!

THEY  
MUST  
BE DEALT  
WITH!



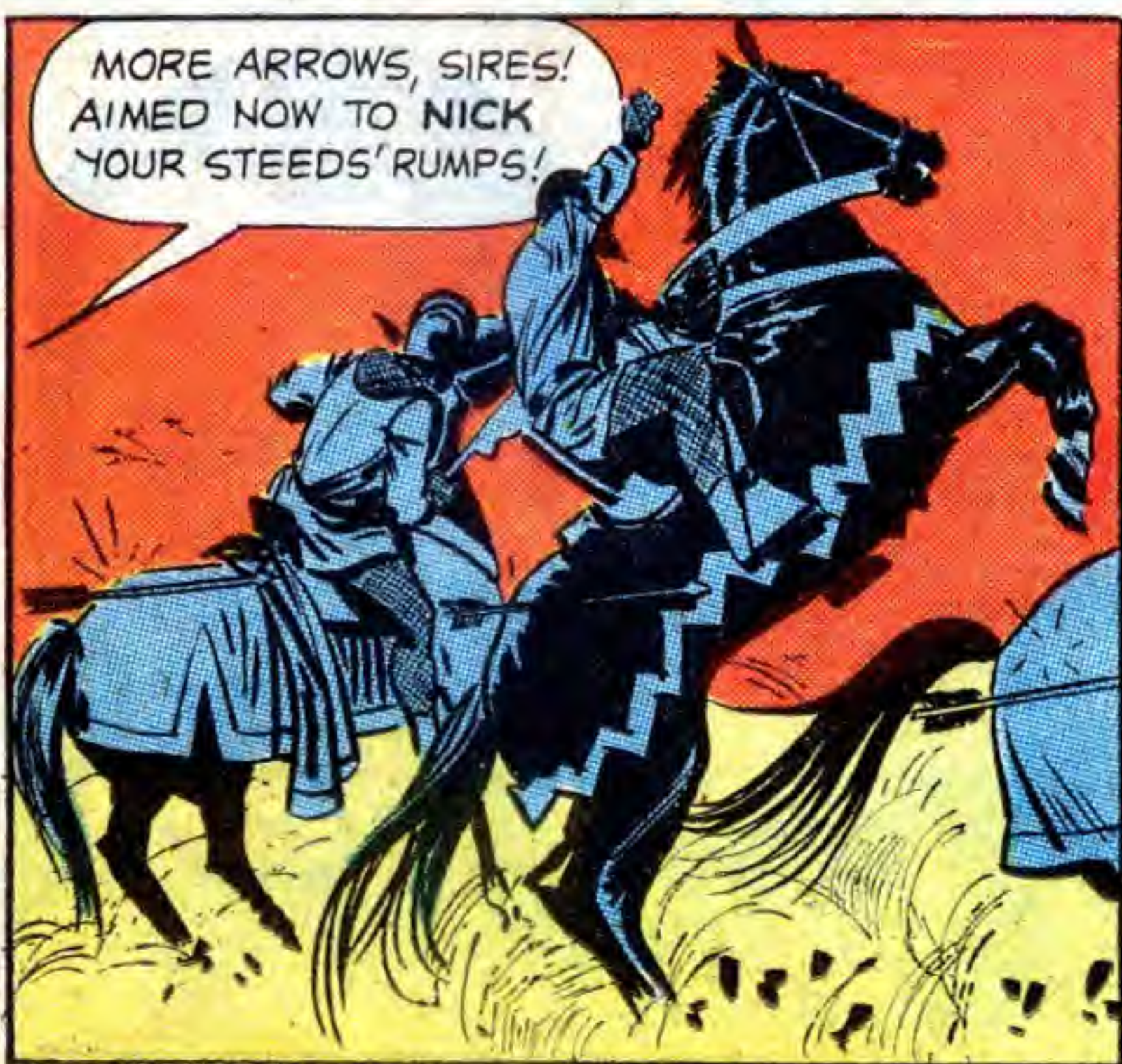
IT'S **BACK** TO THE  
COTTAGE THEN! AND THIS  
TIME **NO MERCY!**



ROBIN, I HEAR  
HORSES! THE KNIGHTS  
ARE COMING BACK!

I CAN SEE THEM!  
THEY ARE ANGRIER  
THAN BEFORE! ALL  
THREE SWORDS ARE  
RAISED!









AYE, YOU'RE A WIZARD WITH THE BOW, ROBIN! BUT I FEAR THOSE THREE WILL SEEK VENGEANCE!

FEAR NOT! ONCE THEIR STOMACHS ARE FULL, THEIR TEMPER WILL SWEETEN!

SUCH IS ROBIN HOOD'S HONEST FEELING! BUT AT THAT MOMENT...



WE PLEDGE AS TRUE KNIGHTS... NEVER TO LEAVE THIS SHIRE... UNTIL **ROBIN HOOD BE DEAD!**

FOR MANY WEEKS THEY SEARCH FOR ROBIN HOOD... AND AT LAST—



BEHOLD! HE SWIMS IN YONDER STREAM!



CLIMB TO THE BANK, VARLET!

AND QUICKLY...!

—SO WE MIGHT FULFILL OUR **PLEDGE!**

THREE TIMES ALREADY ROBIN HOOD HAS ALMOST REACHED THE TOP OF THE SLIPPERY BANK, ONLY TO FLOUNDER DOWN AGAIN!



THE CONDEMNED MAN KEEPS WHISTLING!

BUT HIS CLUMSINESS BETRAYS HIM... INSIDE HE IS **QUAKING** WITH FEAR!



HO?!

WELCOME, MERRY MEN! YOU HEARD MY WHISTLE! —AND ANSWERED THE **SIGNAL!**

NOW, THAT MY FRIENDS ARE HERE TO STAY YOUR READY SWORDS, GOOD SIRS, LET US TALK ABOUT YOUR UNSEEMLY HATRED OF COMMONERS! THINK, SIRS... ARE NOT COMMONERS **ENGLISH-MEN**, TOO? ARE THEY NOT LOYAL TO GOOD KING RICHARD?

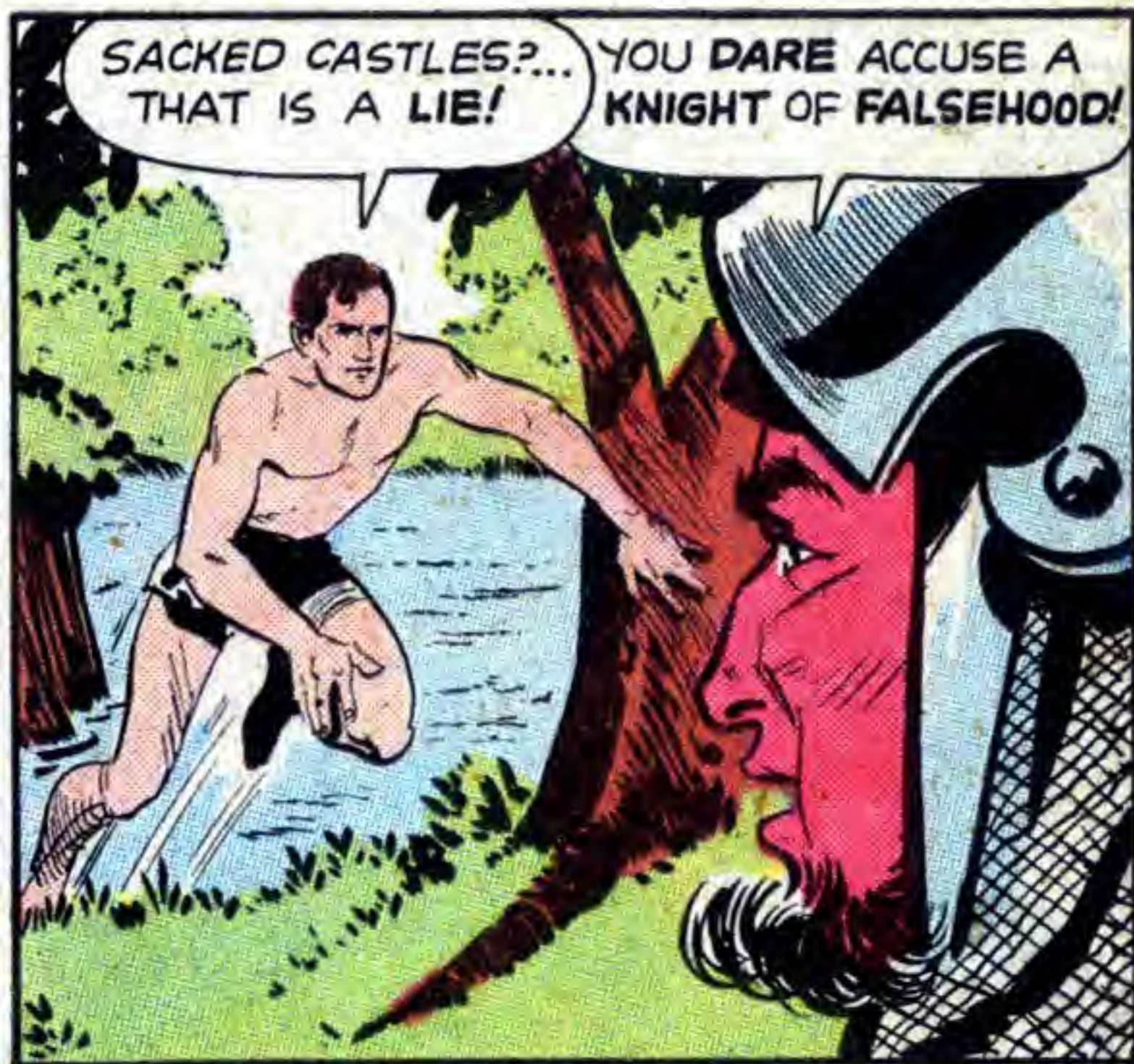






LOYAL TO RICHARD?!

THEY'VE SACKED THE CASTLES OF RICHARD'S ABSENT KNIGHTS!



SACKED CASTLES?... THAT IS A LIE!

YOU DARE ACCUSE A KNIGHT OF FALSEHOOD!



HOLD YOUR SWORD!  
I KNOW WHO GULLED YOU!  
THIS SCHEME HAS BEEN  
TRIED BEFORE!



—IT IS **PRINCE JOHN** WHO HAS TURNED AGAINST RICHARD AND TAKEN YOUR CASTLES! UPON LEARNING THAT VICTIMIZED KNIGHTS ARE RETURNING FROM THE CRUSADES, THE PRINCE SENDS AN AGENT TO MEET THEM AT THE LANDING! THAT AGENT ALWAYS WEARS A **CLOSED VISOR**...!



...AND THE COLORS OF SOME KNIGHT WHO ALREADY LINGERS IN THE PRINCE'S DUNGEONS! THE SCHEME'S INTENT IS TO INCITE THE NEW ARRIVALS TO SUCH TERRIBLE ANGER...



... THAT THEY MIGHT ENGAGE IN RASH ACTIONS AND BE SLAIN BEFORE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH!

—AND THERE'S MY PROOF! THE VILLIAN FLEES!



—BUT NOT FAR!



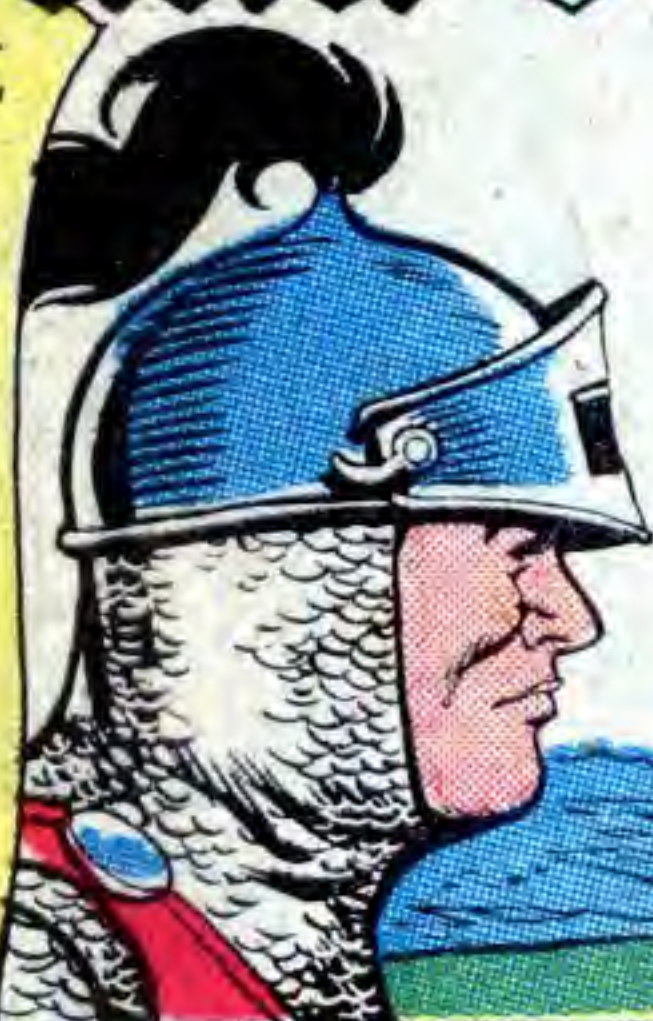




# SIR GALANT

## of the Round Table

NO STRANGER QUEST, IN ALL THE HISTORY OF THE ROUND TABLE, EVER FACED ONE OF ITS KNIGHTS AS WHEN **SIR GALANT** SET FORTH TO DO BATTLE WITH A MAN WHO DID NOT EXIST—  
**THE GHOST KNIGHT!**



NONE PASS THIS WAY WITHOUT PAYING TRIBUTE!

ON A LONELY ROAD BELOW A CASTLE OVERLOOKING THE SEVERN RIVER, THE GOOD KNIGHT, SIR BORS, ANSWERS THE CHALLENGE...



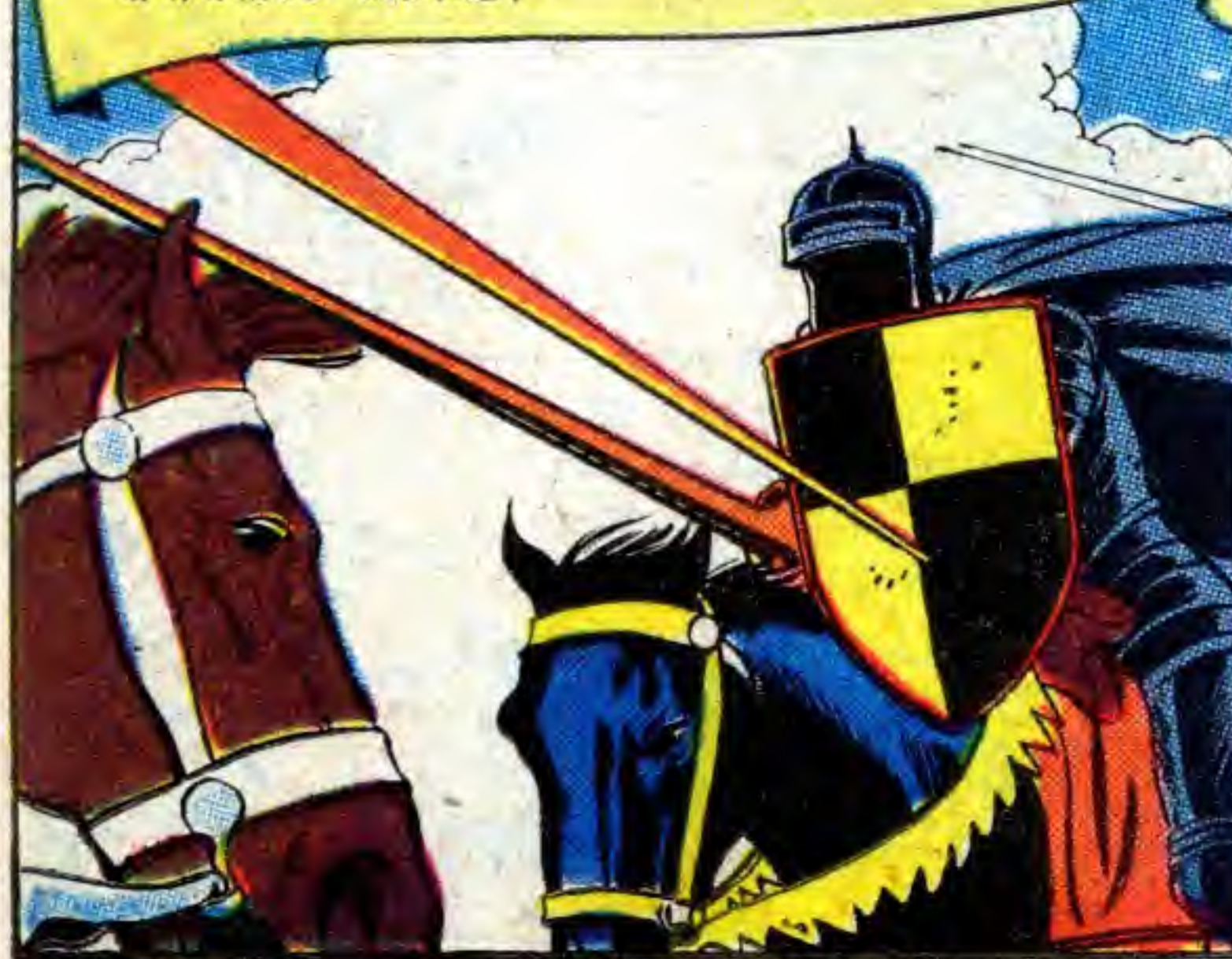
I PAY NO TRIBUTE! I AM A KNIGHT OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE!



THEN JOUST WITH ME! IF I WIN, YOU PAY!

SO BE IT!

THE GREAT WAR HORSES THUNDER TOWARD EACH OTHER. LANCES STEADY FOR THE JARRING IMPACT—



THE GHOST KNIGHT SWAYS IN HIS SADDLE, BUT SIR BORS GOES BACKWARD AS IF SEIZED BY A GIANT HAND...!



CLANG!



IN CAMELOT, SOME DAYS LATER...



AN EMPTY SUIT OF ARMOR! A GHOST KNIGHT! UNBELIEVABLE!

THAT NIGHT ON THE PARAPET OF THE CASTLE WALL...



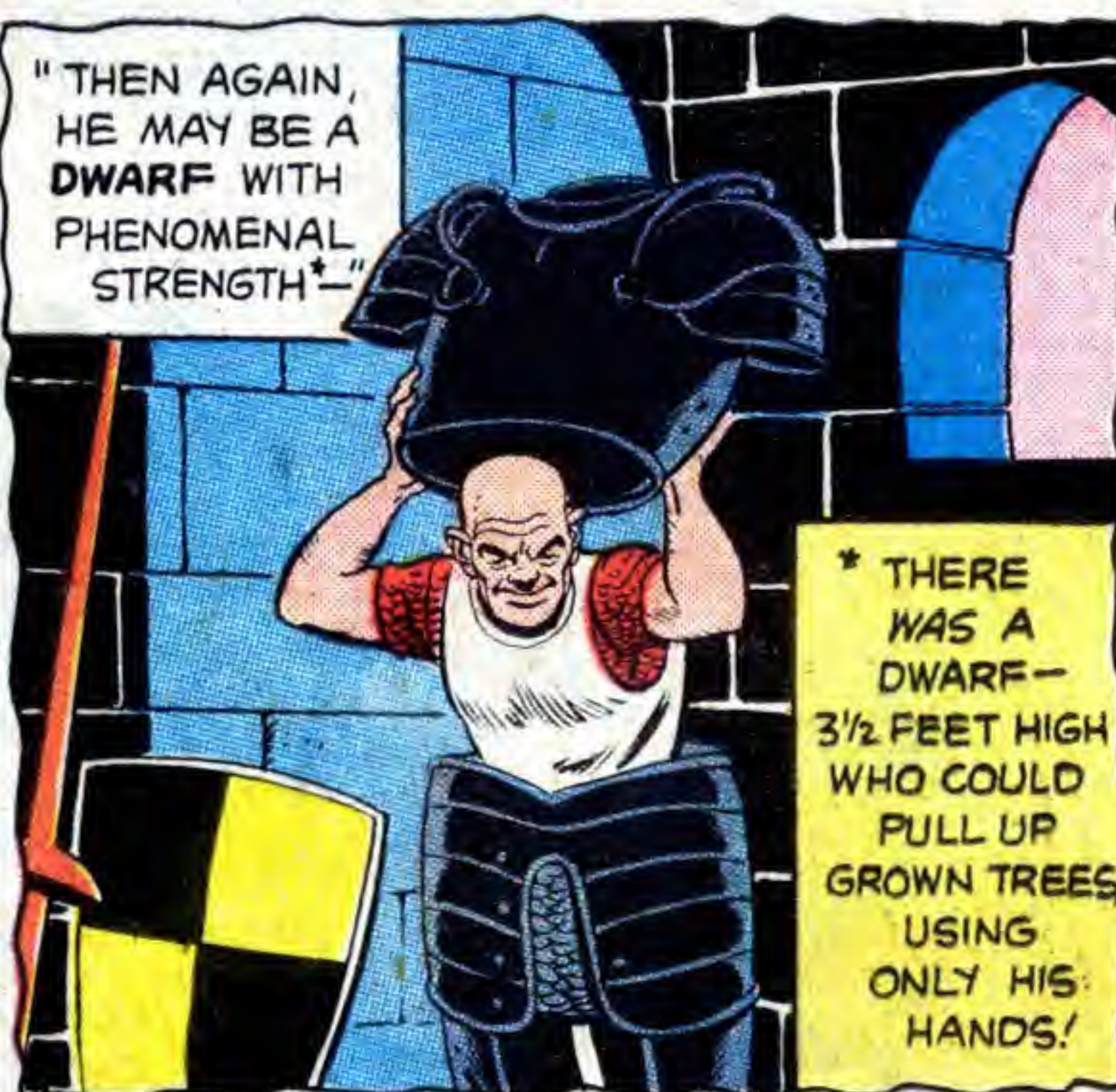
SIR GALANT- I MUST HAVE NEWS OF THIS GHOST KNIGHT...!



"I HAVE BEEN THINKING, SIRE, THIS GHOST MAY BE A MECHANICAL MAN, SUCH AS THE PAYNIM BUILD TO PLAY THEIR GAME OF CHESS..."



"THEN AGAIN, HE MAY BE A DWARF WITH PHENOMENAL STRENGTH..."



\* THERE WAS A DWARF- 3 1/2 FEET HIGH WHO COULD PULL UP GROWN TREES, USING ONLY HIS HANDS!

BE THAT AS IT MAY, NONE BUT THE KING CAN EXACT MONIES FROM HIS SUBJECTS! RIDE INTO SOMERSET! LEARN WHAT YOU CAN!

DAYS LATER, AS YOUNG SIR GALANT RIDES THROUGH THE SOMERSET COUNTRYSIDE...



PEOPLE FLEEING WITH ALL THEIR BELONGINGS!

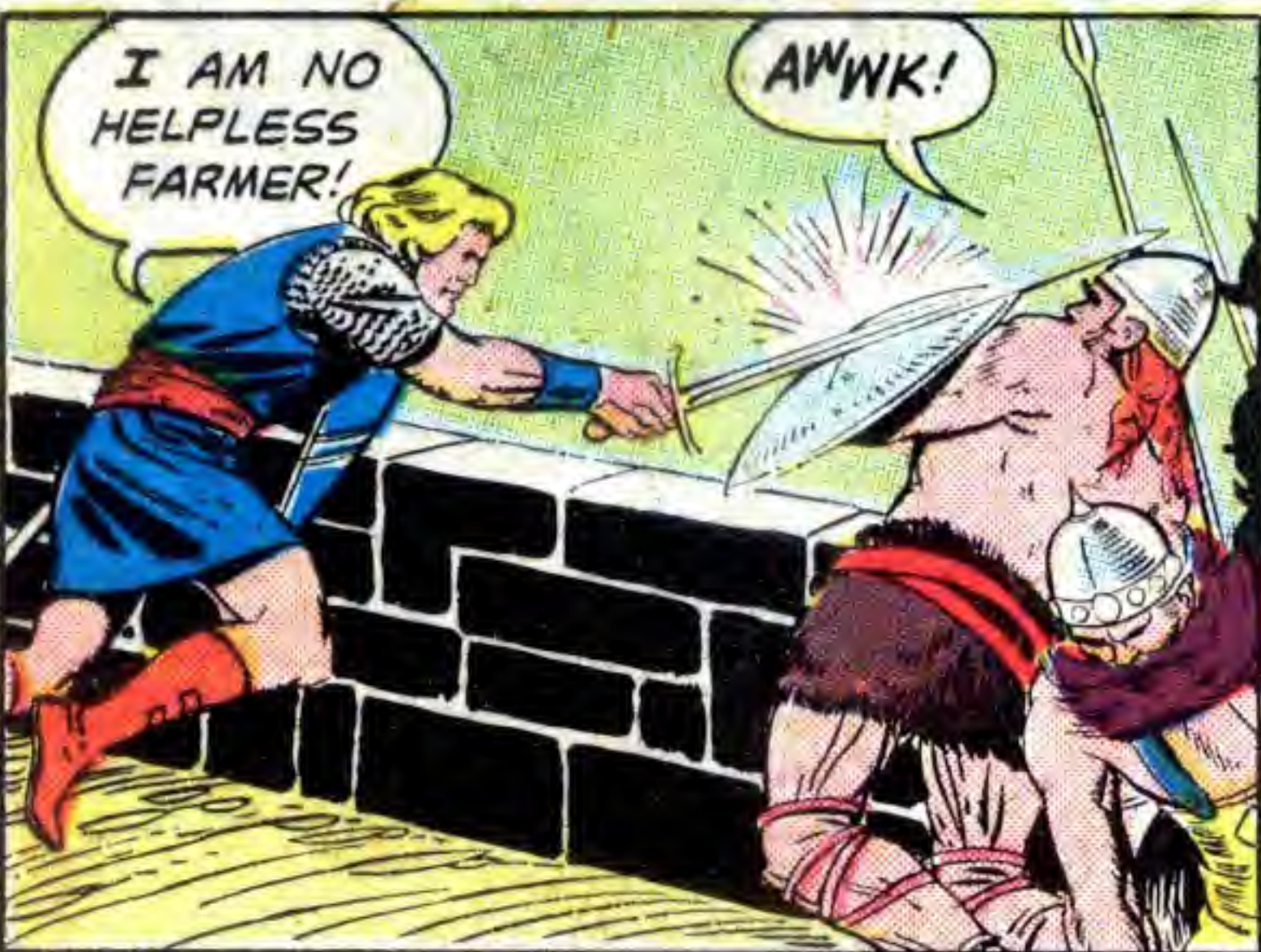
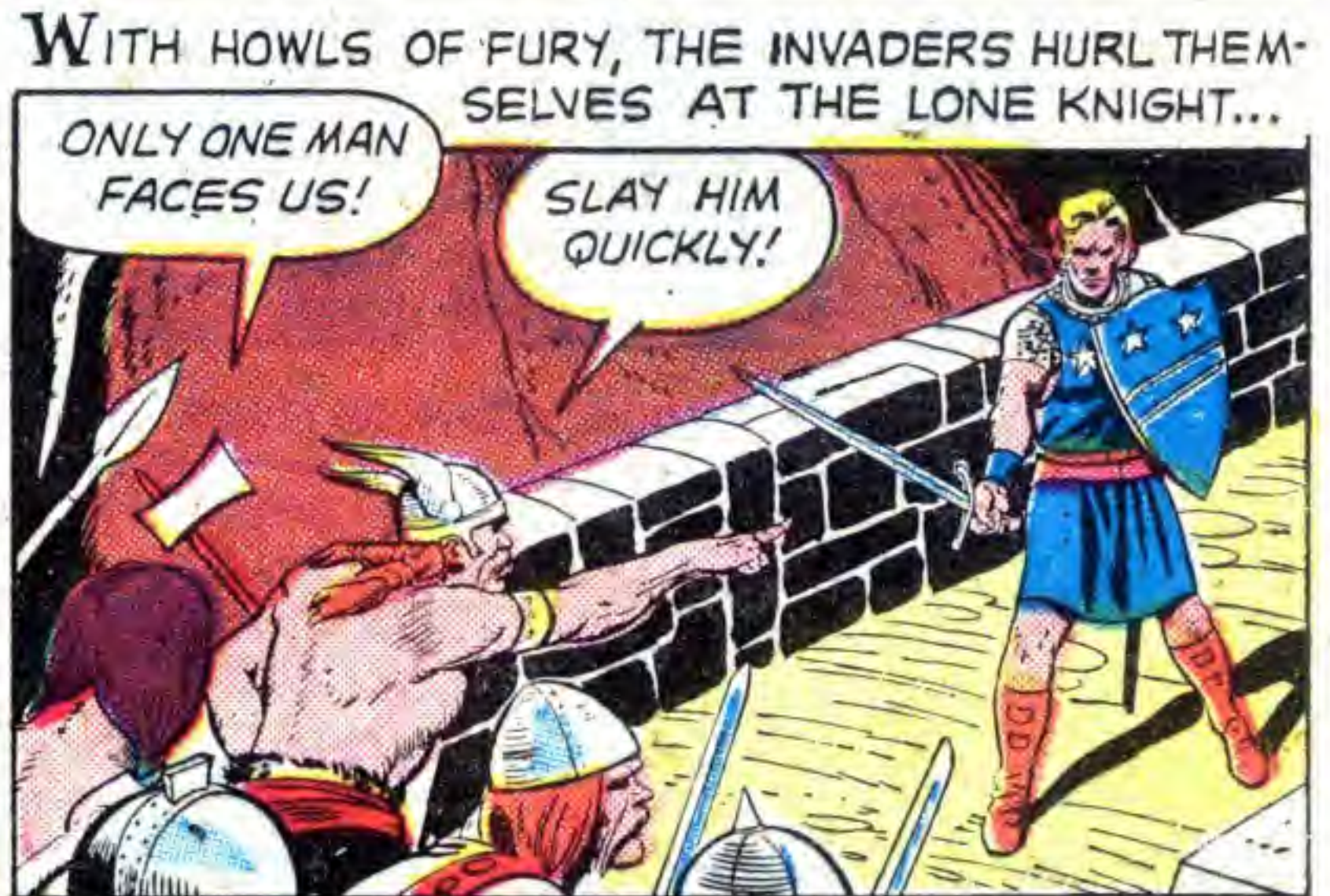
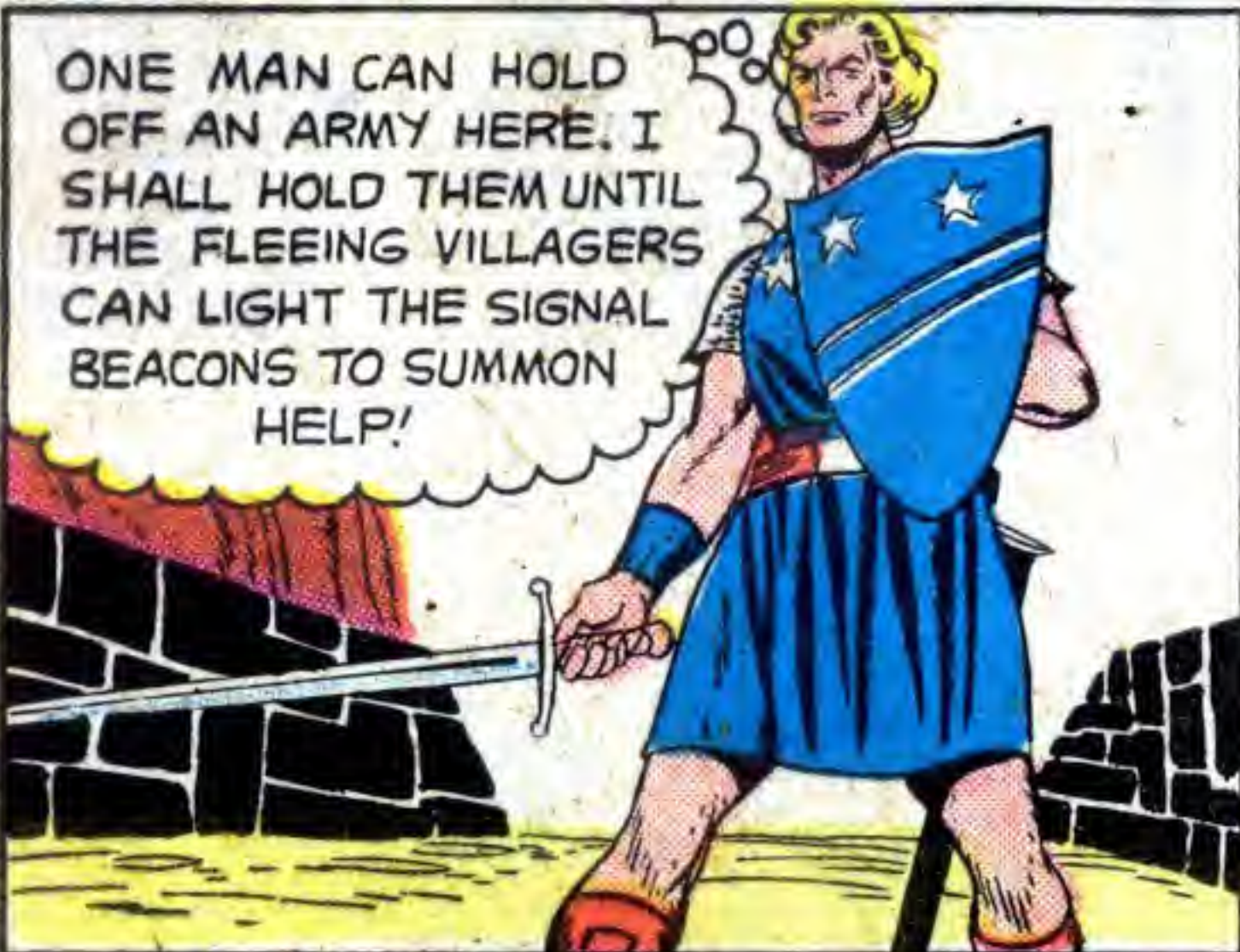
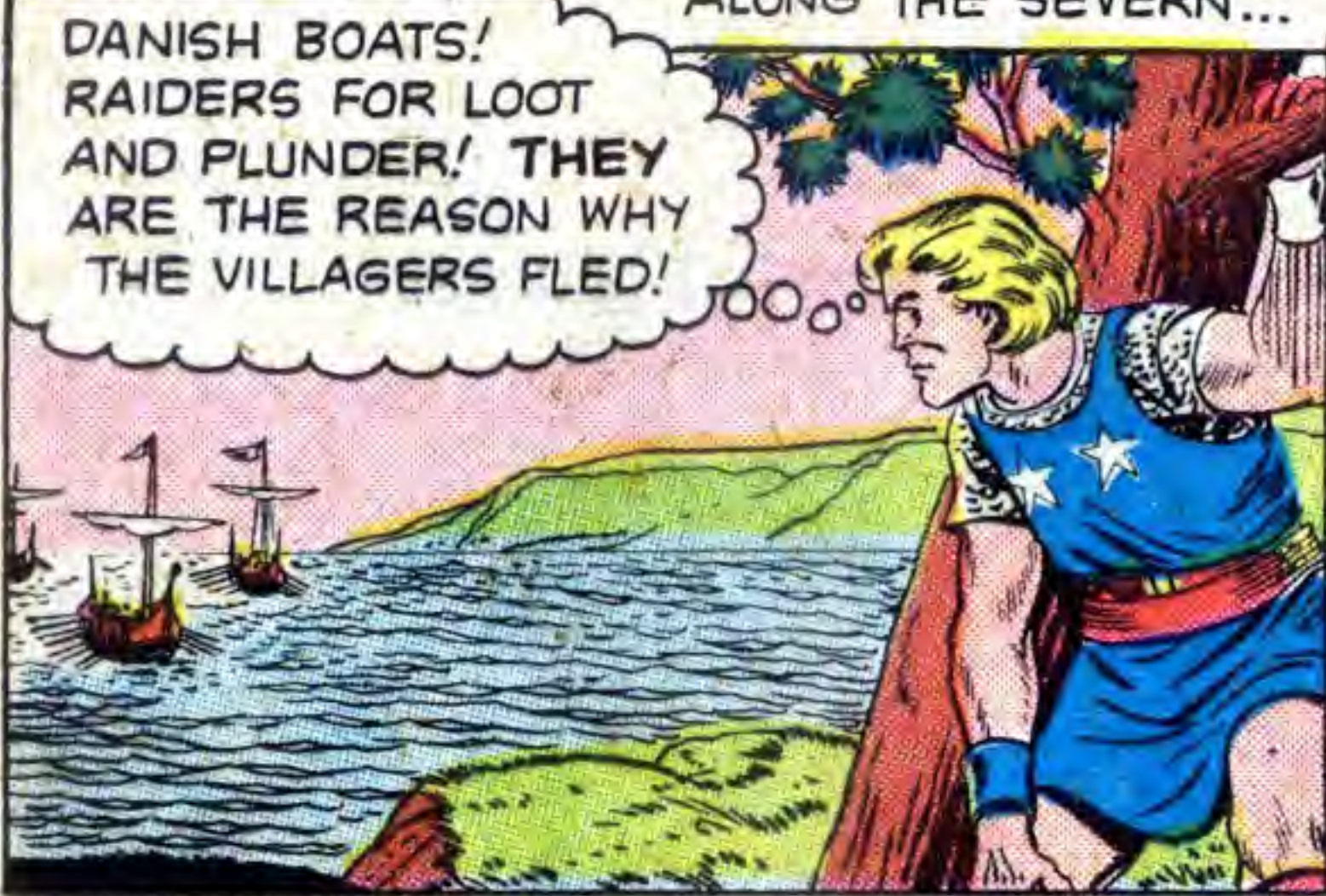


THEY RAN AT SIGHT OF ME, BUT NOW I SEE THEIR HOMES HAVE BEEN BURNED. IS THIS THE WORK OF - THE GHOST KNIGHT...?

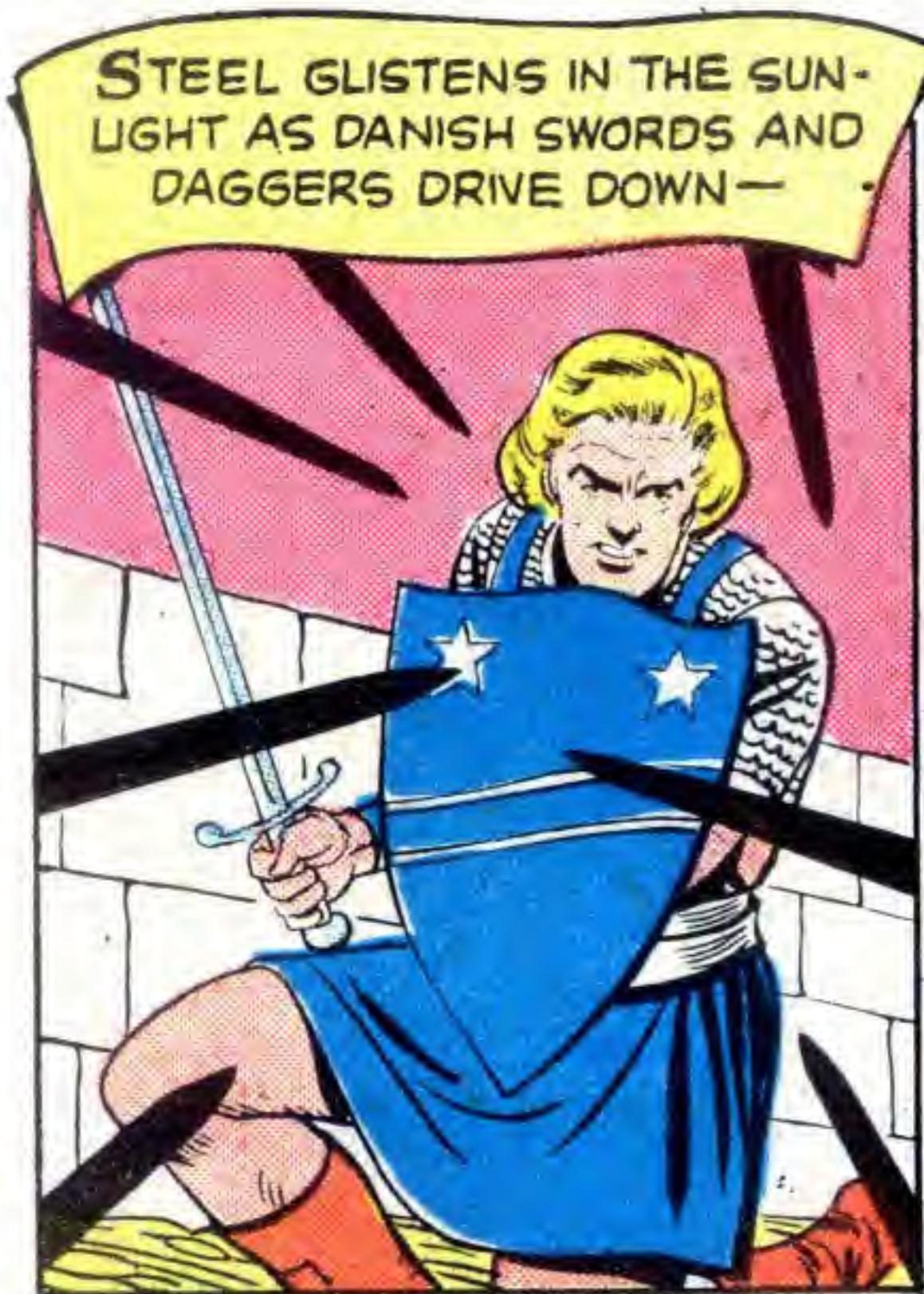




MOVING ON, HE COMES TO THE SEA ROAD  
ALONG THE SEVERN...







AWE SHINES IN THE WIDE, STARING EYES  
OF THE DANISH INVADERS...

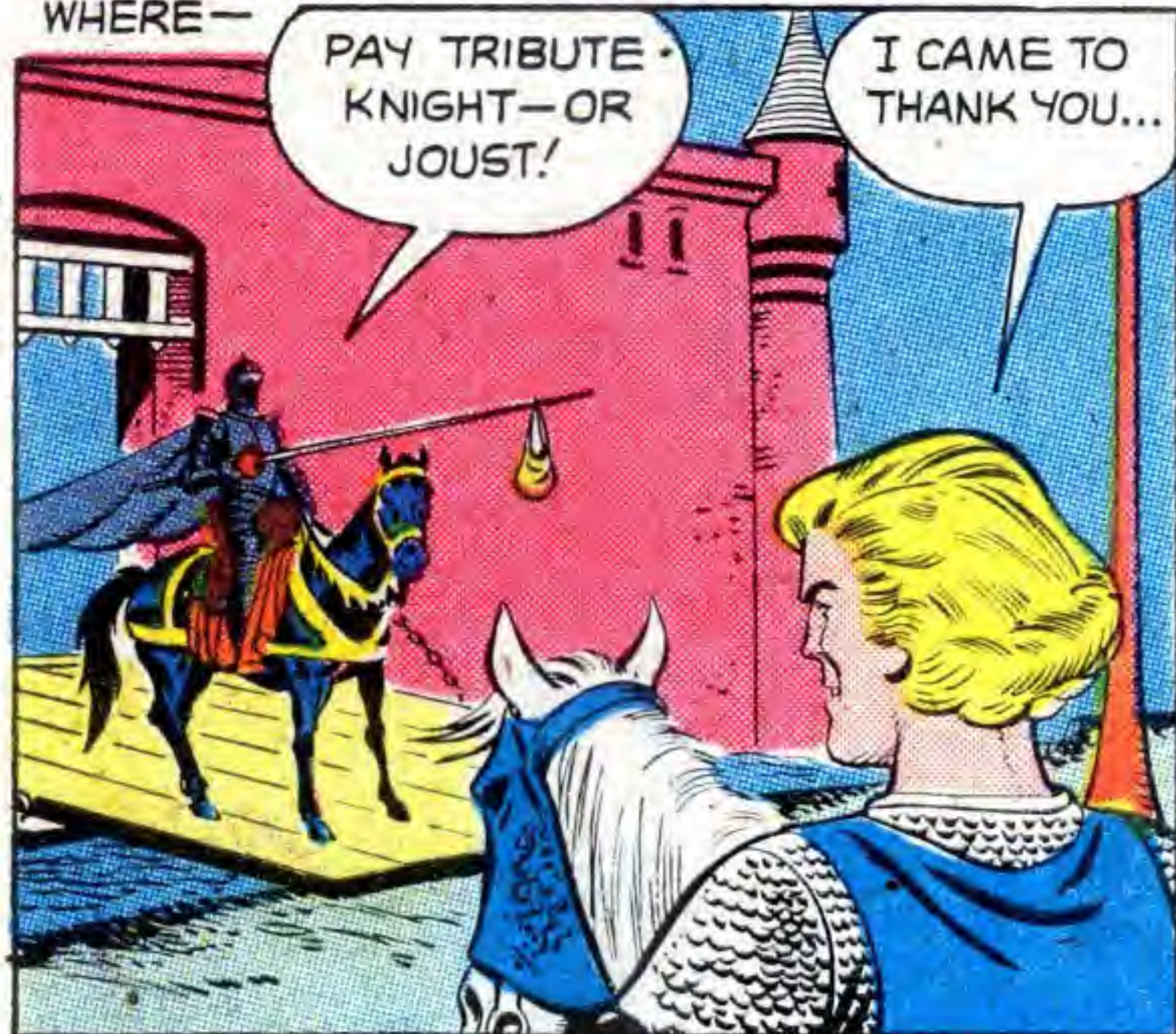


DRIVEN AS MUCH BY FEAR OF THIS AWESOME  
PAIR AS BY THE FURY OF THEIR SWORDS, THE  
DANES BREAK AND RUN...





THE YOUNG KNIGHT FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE GHOST KNIGHT TO A SEASIDE CASTLE, WHERE—



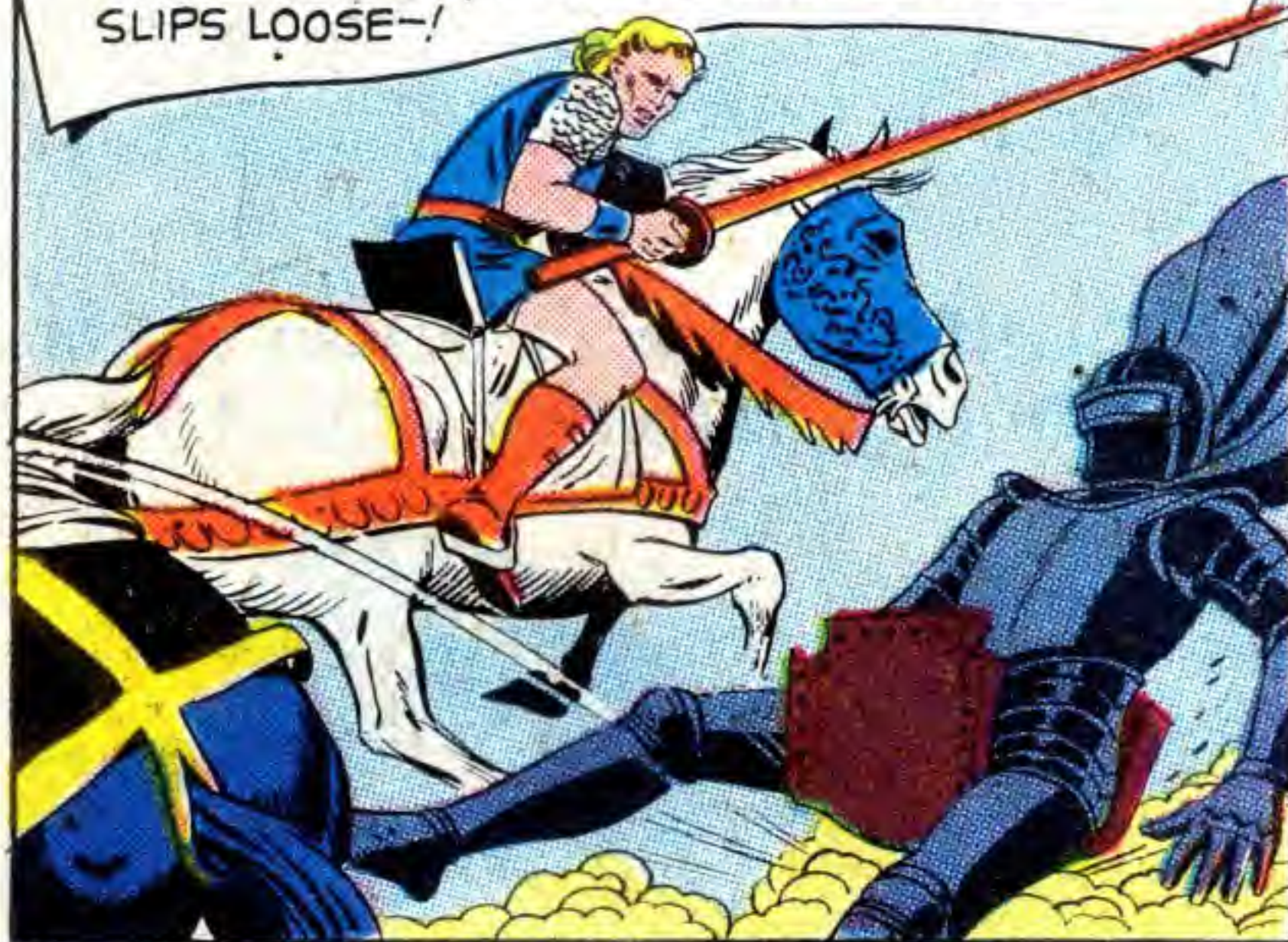
PAY TRIBUTE - KNIGHT—OR JOUST!

I CAME TO THANK YOU...



... BUT IF YOU PREFER TO JOUST, I'LL OBLIGE YOU!

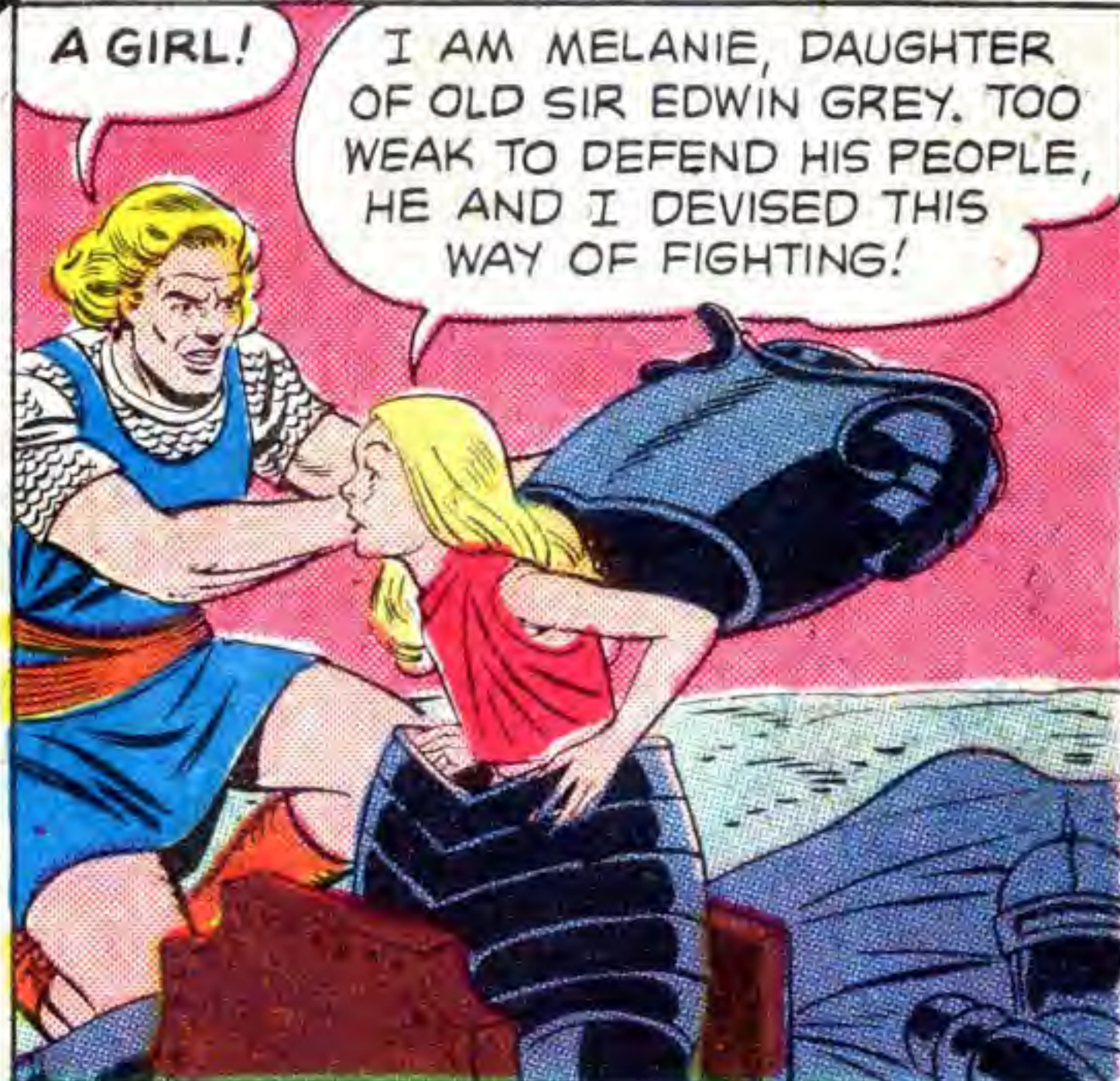
BEFORE THE TERRIBLE POWER OF SIR GALANT'S UNBEATEN LANCE, THE GHOST KNIGHT IS HURLED TO THE GROUND, AND THE SADDLE ITSELF SLIPS LOOSE—!



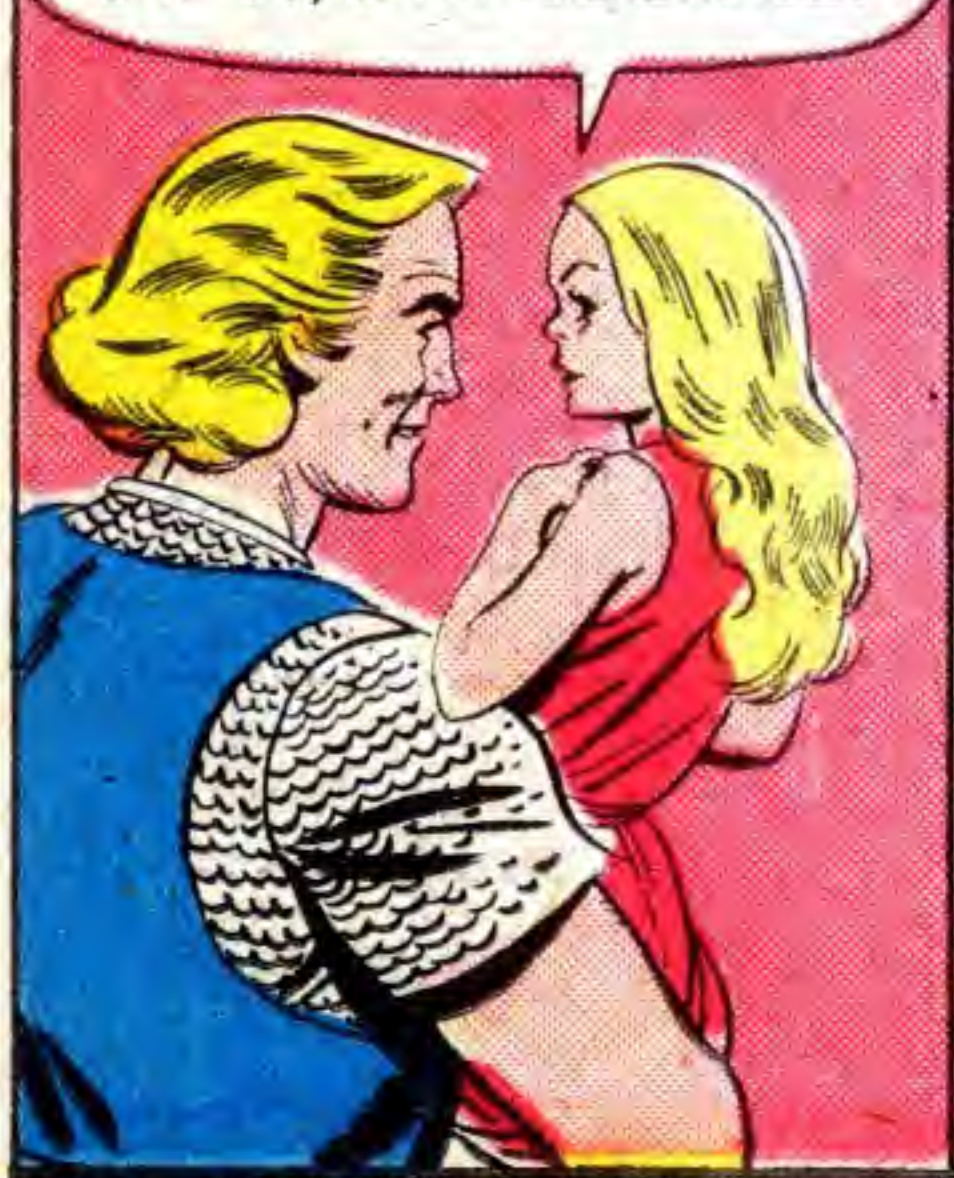
THEN THE YOUNG KNIGHT LEARNS THE TRUTH...

A GIRL!

I AM MELANIE, DAUGHTER OF OLD SIR EDWIN GREY. TOO WEAK TO DEFEND HIS PEOPLE, HE AND I DEVISED THIS WAY OF FIGHTING!



WE BOLTED THE ARMOR TO THE SADDLE. A MECHANISM IN THE ARM WIELDED THE SPEAR. WHEN I AM INSIDE IT, IT SEEMS EMPTY, I AM SO SMALL.



LATER, IN THE CASTLE...

THE MONEY WE COLLECT AS TRIBUTE, WE GIVE TO THE POOR!

YOU MUST COME TO CAMELOT. ARTHUR WILL MAKE YOU WELCOME!



STILL LATER, IN CAMELOT—

DID YOU EVER SEE A PRETTIER GHOST, SIR BORS?



THE END





# 100 TOY SOLDIERS

## \$1.25



100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,  
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!

- ★ FUN TO SHOW
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**PACKED in this FOOTLOCKER**  
TOY STORAGE BOX



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HERE'S MY \$1.25 !

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

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# IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

**TINDER BOXES** In these modern times, when in order to start a fire to burn old shavings or dry leaves, all one has to do is strike a match, one tends to forget the troubles our ancestors had to do the same thing. In olden times, even before medieval days, fires were kept burning almost perpetually, because the business of striking flint and steel to get a spark with which to light wood shavings or cloth ravelings, was quite a lot of trouble.

In the middle ages, man had progressed far enough along the civilized path so that tinder boxes—small containers that held iron pyrites and flint, and a small amount of inflammable material called 'tinder'—were sold throughout Europe. Tinder is a kind of bracken fungi which has been boiled, dried and heated to make it catch fire as quickly as possible from the application of the spark. The most famous of all tinder was German tinder. It was even sold by medieval drug stores.

Tinder boxes were troublesome things. If the tinder was damp (and how many cold damp days do we know, even these days, in modern houses, rain-proof and draft-free) it was an impossible task. Once the spark was touched to the tinder, it began to glow. Then a sulphur stick was needed to catch flame from the tinder itself. No wonder it was easier to keep a fire going all the time than to try to start one!

**THE EVIL EYE** Among our enlightened populace of today, "the evil eye" is considered only something at which to be amused. But in medieval times, and even earlier, it was a source of tremendous fear. The evil eye was the supposed power a particular person had to bring evil and harm to another, or to animals, by the malignant power of his mere glance.

Horses especially were considered susceptible to this evil eye, and "horse brasses" were sold by the thousands, to be hung about the neck of the livestock, to ward off such dangers. Not only "horse brasses" but amulets for humans as well were sold in quantity. Such amulets as silver Fig Hands and red

coral or red cloth set in metal, were believed efficacious in preventing harm.

The witch named Cailb, in Irish legendry, is said to have caused the death of King Conaire by giving him the evil eye. The people whose glance was thought to have the power of this evil eye were known as *jettatori*.

**HAND BAGS** Women today carry handbags as they do their hats and gloves. They would not be seen without them. In the middle ages, men also carried handbags or purses, because there were no pockets in their clothes! These bags were known as *almoners*. In them a man kept his money, a handkerchief, and any valuable keepsakes he might not want to risk losing. Not until the latter half of the seventeenth century, when pockets appeared in men's clothes, did these handbags fade from general use.

**SAND CLOCKS** Ever since the time when human beings first began to be aware of the passage of hours, days and weeks, they have been seeking ways and means of telling time. In Roman days, tall candles were burned and water clocks or *clepsydrae*, dripped steadily. But candle flames could be blown out by wind, and water evaporated, so it was not until the middle of the thirteenth century—coincidental with the reintroduction of glass to the western world at the time of the Crusades—that the hour-glasses, or sand clocks, became possible.

No one can say who invented these clocks. However, early paintings show their use among people in medieval society. These clocks were considered just about perfect. Wind and rain had no effect on them. The sand was sealed inside a glass chamber, eternally dry. Their only fault was that if a person forgot to invert or turn them when the sand had run out, they were useless. The same thing can be said for our clocks and watches today, of course. If you forget to wind them, they will not run.

Generally speaking, there were three types of sand clocks. Two globes of glass were



joined together, with a hole ground in the middle for the sand to run through. A second type had this hole fitted with brass foil. As the art of glassblowing progressed, a third style appeared, the finest of all, for the glassblower could now insert the sand and then blow the glass into shape, providing an absolutely airtight unit.

There were big two-hour glasses (two feet high) used on board ships. Also, there were tiny pocket glasses, carried as we carry a pocket-watch today. Some hour-glasses were mounted on pulpits to be turned when the preacher began to talk. These were divided into quarter-hour, half-hour and three-quarter-hour glasses.

People used these sand clocks until the invention of watches.

**PEASANTS** No mention of medieval times can be considered complete without discussing the peasants, or serfs. These hardworking people made up the bulk of the population. Most of them could neither read nor write. They could not own property (it belonged to the noble who gave them a place to sleep and some food in return for their services). Their word was not good in a law court *unless they had first been tortured!*

Downtrodden, these poor people lived in mud-and-wattle houses (that often caved in or fell apart during heavy storms), wore smocks of cheap sheep's wool or sheepskin blouses and trousers. They went barefoot. Only the well-treated serfs of some unusually lenient noblemen were allowed the privilege of wearing wooden shoes.

Oppressed and overworked, these peasants often revolted. Indeed the medieval term for them—*villein*—has come down to us in our present word *villain*. Since the villain is always "the bad guy," we can begin to understand how the noble and rich merchant class looked upon them!

As time wore on, some of the smarter peasants became merchants and tradesmen. They formed the famous Guilds when their crafts demanded that they protect themselves.

It was the coming of The Black Death—bubonic plague—in 1350, that spelled the end of the serfs as a downtrodden class. So many of them died in those terrible times that noblemen who wanted work done vied with one another to hire those peasants who lived through the plague times. Better wages were paid, and a higher standard of living came about as a result of this shortage of labor.

**THE CROSSBOW** The bow has been a weapon of the fighting man since earliest times. The crossbow, however—or *arbalest*, as it is also known—has been a comparatively modern invention. Modern, that is, beside the age of the bow—for the first crossbow was not brought into England until the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

Invented—like the gunpowder that later replaced it—by the Chinese, who used it as early as the fourth century B.C., it was not used in European warfare until the twelfth century A.D.! Then it was deemed to be too deadly for Christians to use in warfare between themselves (shades of the atomic bomb)!

It was however, allowable to use crossbows against the *Saracens* in the Crusades. The crossbow was so deadly a weapon it was outlawed for use between knights. A modern crossbow has penetrated a thick telephone book and a 3/32-of-an-inch piece of steel used to back it up! No wonder our medieval ancestors said it was too deadly to use in war!

**PILGRIM** The original pilgrim was a man who, during the medieval days, made the long trip to the Holy Land and back again. As a reward for this devotional act, the pilgrim was permitted to wear the cross stitched on a shoulder of his tunic, and to wear the broad-brimmed hat and rough cloak. He also carried a staff with a hook on it. The hook served the purpose of a hanger, which held the bundle that contained his spare clothes and food. The purse the pilgrim wore at his rope belt was known as a *scrip*.

**JESTER** In the days when there were no moving pictures, no radio, no TV—if you can imagine such a time—there were men (kept by kings and great nobles) called jesters. These jesters were funny fellows, full of quips and jokes, not above sustaining an injury even, to make their patrons laugh. They wore special costumes, with many colors on it, and a pointed cap with bells sewed on. It is believed that the Punch and Judy show, so loved by children, is an outgrowth of the court jester.



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"THE BRAIN"  
COMIC BOOK!



# The styles in Medieval

## Armor

THE  
11<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY  
OVERLAPPING  
LEATHER SCALES  
WITH STEEL  
HELMETS,  
SHIELDS AND  
SWORDS...

12<sup>TH</sup>  
CENTURY

THE  
INTRODUCTION  
OF CHAIN  
MAIL...

14<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

THE  
BEGINNING  
OF  
PLATE  
ARMOR

16<sup>TH</sup>  
CENTURY

WONDERFULLY ARTICULATED AND  
BEAUTIFULLY CHASED IN GOLD AND SILVER,  
THESE FULL PLATED SUITS WERE THE ULTIMATE  
IN DEFENSE, BUT WERE SO HEAVY THE  
WEARER HAD TO BE HOISTED INTO THE SADDLE



# The Adventures of Robin Hood

"DARE ME NOT"

THE DIN OF FIGHTING RISES IN SHERWOOD FOREST, AND **ROBIN HOOD'S** HEART LEAPS WITH JOY AS HE SEES THE MAIN BODY OF SIR GUI'S MEN BEGIN TO GIVE GROUND...!

KEEP AT THEM, LITTLE JOHN! WE'VE FORCED A WEDGE BETWEEN THEM AND THOSE GUARDING THE LASS! I'M OFF TO FETCH HER NOW!



SHOULD WE RIDE OFF WITHOUT OUR ESCORT? WHAT SAY YOU?

SIR GUI WILL BE TERRIBLE WRATHFUL IF THE FORESTERS SUCCEED IN RESCUING THE MAIDEN, SAY I!



BUT RESCUED SHE'LL BE... SAYS **ROBIN HOOD!**

**KLANK!**







RUN, LASS! I'LL HOLD THESE TWO OFF WITH A FEW WELL PLACED SHAFTS!



WELL, WELL! MY SHAFTS DO MORE THAN MERELY HOLD THEM- THEY SEND THEM OFF!

THE NEXT DAY...IN THE CASTLE OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM...

THIS SCURVY ROBIN HOOD **DARED** MEDDLE IN MY PRIVATE AFFAIRS! I **DEMAND** THE KNAVE BE HANGED!

CALM YOURSELF, SIR GUI... PANTING NEVER HANGED AN OUTLAW!

BUT THE WORD YOU USED-"DARED"... ROBIN HOOD IS A DARING MAN! IF WE SHOULD PRESENT HIM WITH SOME DARE, AND MAKE THE PRIZE WORTHWHILE...I DARESAY HE'D **TAKE THE DARE**, NO MATTER HOW **DANGEROUS**!

STRANGELY ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN SHERWOOD FOREST...

ROBIN HOOD, I HAVE A **DARE** FOR YOU!

YES, MAID MARIAN?



TOMORROW AT FITZWALTER HALL, MY UNCLE HOLDS A BANQUET IN HONOR OF MY BIRTHDAY! THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM AND OTHER LORDS, ALL YOUR ENEMIES, WILL BE THERE!... ROBIN, I DARE **YOU TO COME**!

YOU DARE ME, EH, MARIAN? I MIGHT TAKE THAT DARE! IN FACT, I MIGHT EVEN COME **WITH THE SHERIFF HIMSELF**!

WHAT?!





FIE, ROBIN, ON SUCH RECKLESS PRATTLE! BUT I HAVE A **WORTHWHILE DARE!** THAT LASS'S MOTHER MUST BE SICK WITH WORRY! SHE HAS HAD NO NEWS OF HER DAUGHTER SINCE SHE WAS ABDUCTED YESTERDAY BY SIR GUI'S MEN!



THE OLD DAME LIVES IN THE TALL, ROOFED HOUSE CLOSE BY THE NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS! ONE OF US MUST GO THERE, TO BEAR NEWS OF THE LASS'S RESCUE!



WELL SPOKEN, FRIAR TUCK! BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS ... WHICH OF US SHALL GO?

LATER—

ROBIN CHOSE TO GO HIMSELF!

THAT HE ALWAYS DOES ... WHEN THE GOING'S HAZARDOUS!



NIGHT HAS FALLEN... AND INSIDE NOTTINGHAM...

THERE'S THE HOUSE— BUT WHAT'S THAT SHIELD ABOVE THE GALLOWS? AND WHY SO MANY GUARDS ABOUT?



UNNNH!

WELL, NOW THERE'S ONE GUARD LESS!



AFTER THE SCUFFLE IN THE DARK...

WHEN I HEARD KNOCKING, I HOPED FOR NEWS OF MY DAUGHTER! BUT YOU ARE ONLY ONE OF THE SHERIFF'S GUARDS!

MOVE ASIDE, CRONE!

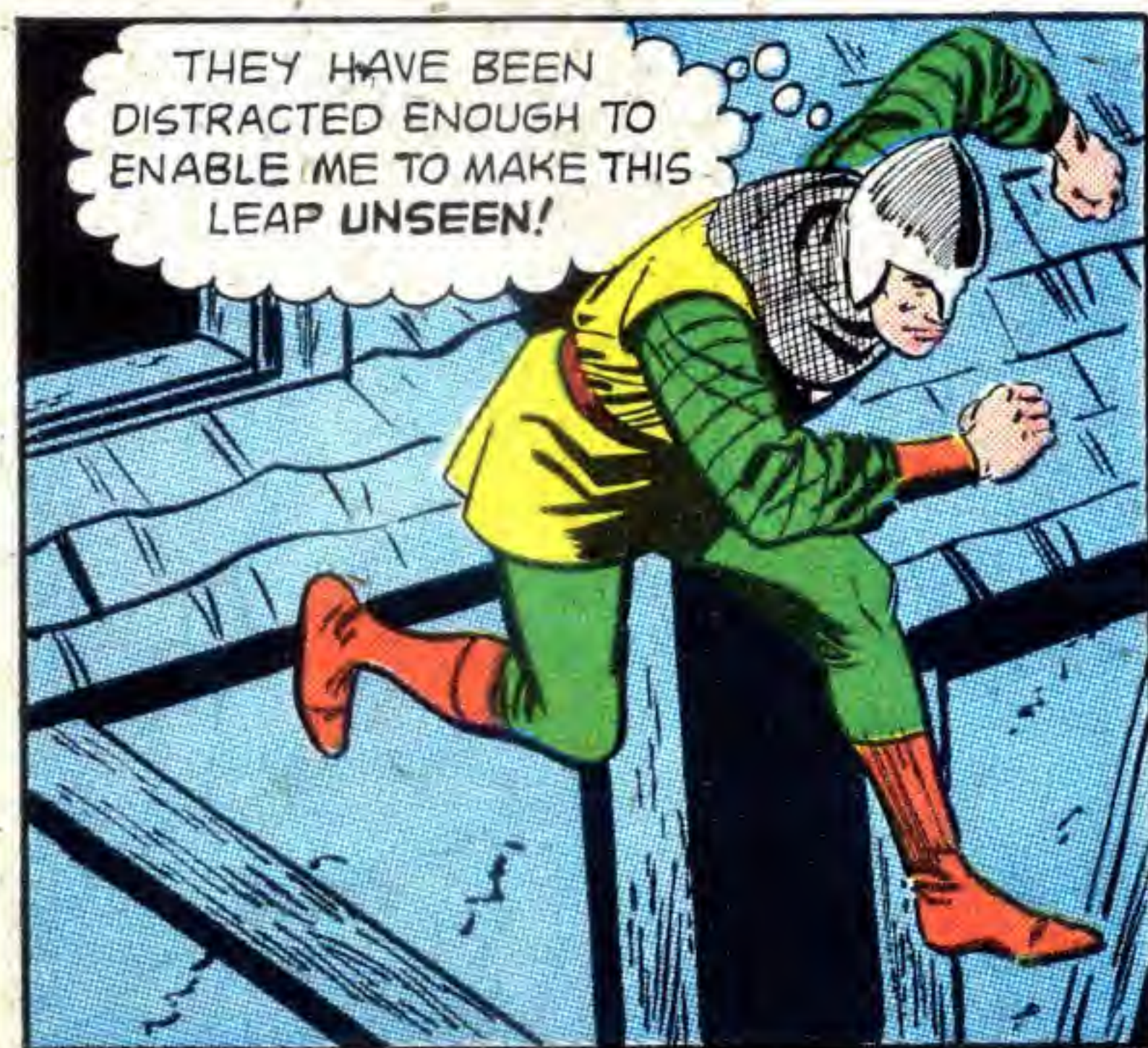
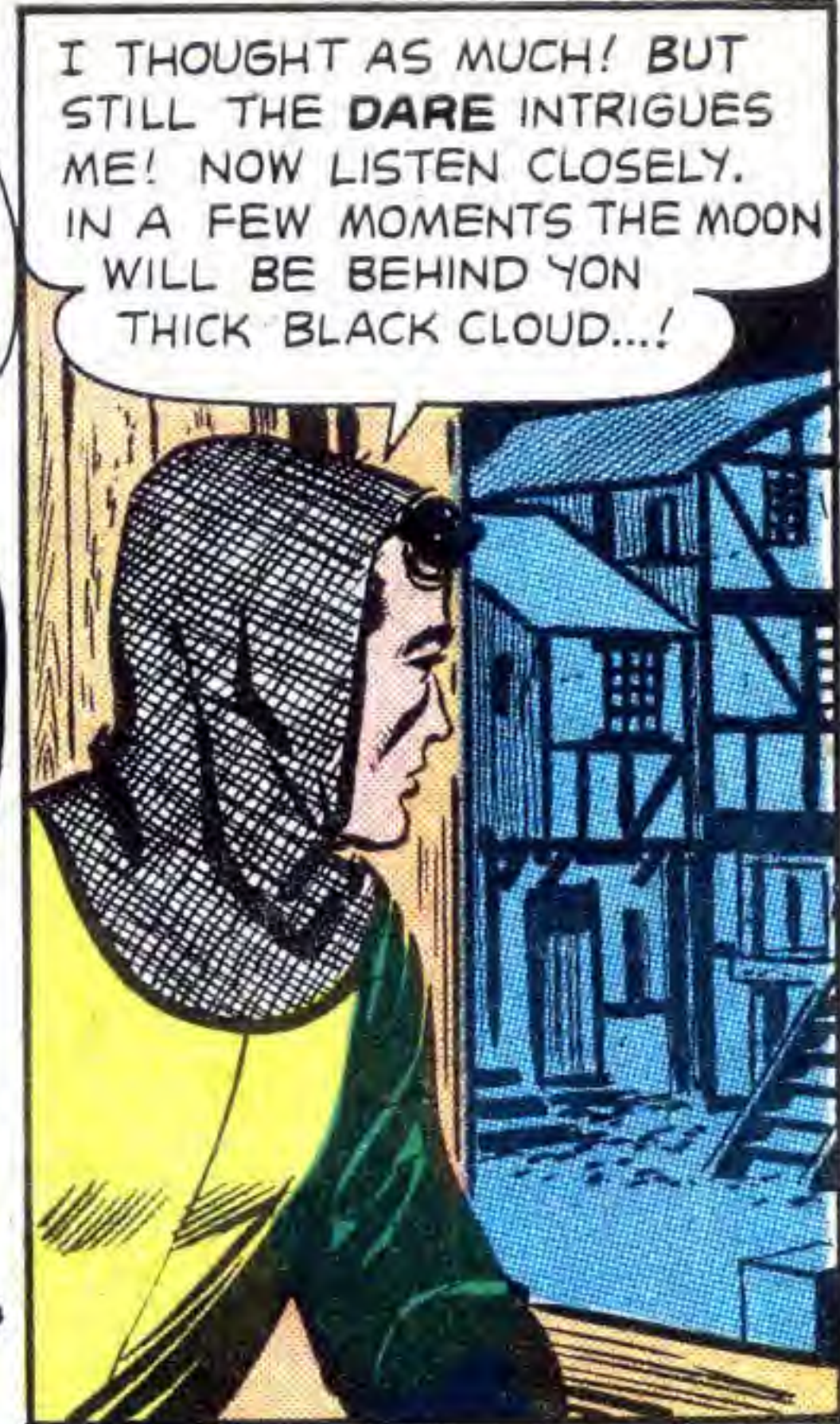
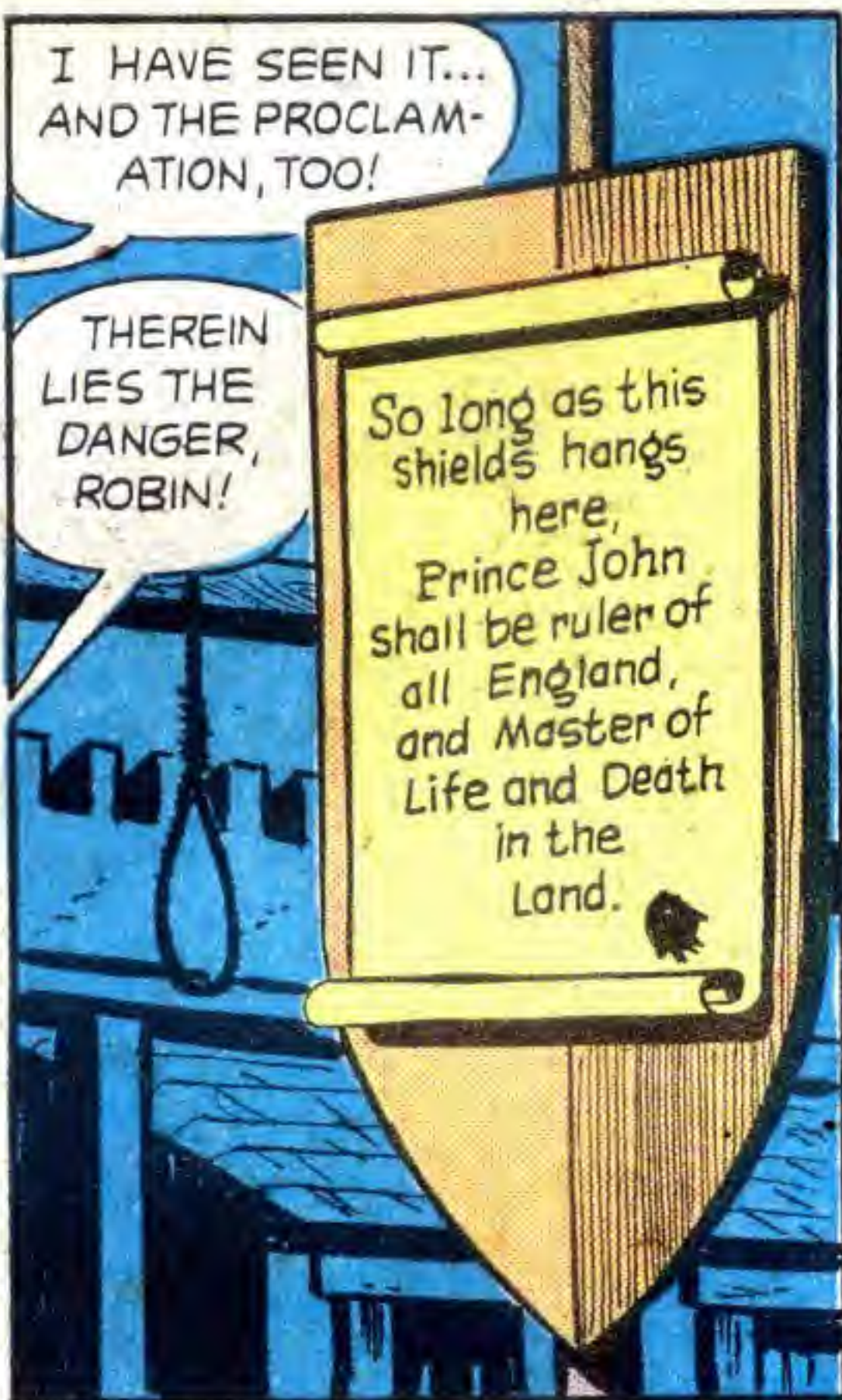


ROBIN HOOD, AT YOUR SERVICE, GOOD DAME, WITH NEWS THAT YOUR DAUGHTER IS SAFE IN SHERWOOD FOREST!

BLESS YOU FOR THE NEWS, ROBIN... BUT YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER! HAVE YOU SEEN THE SHIELD ABOVE THE GALLOWS?





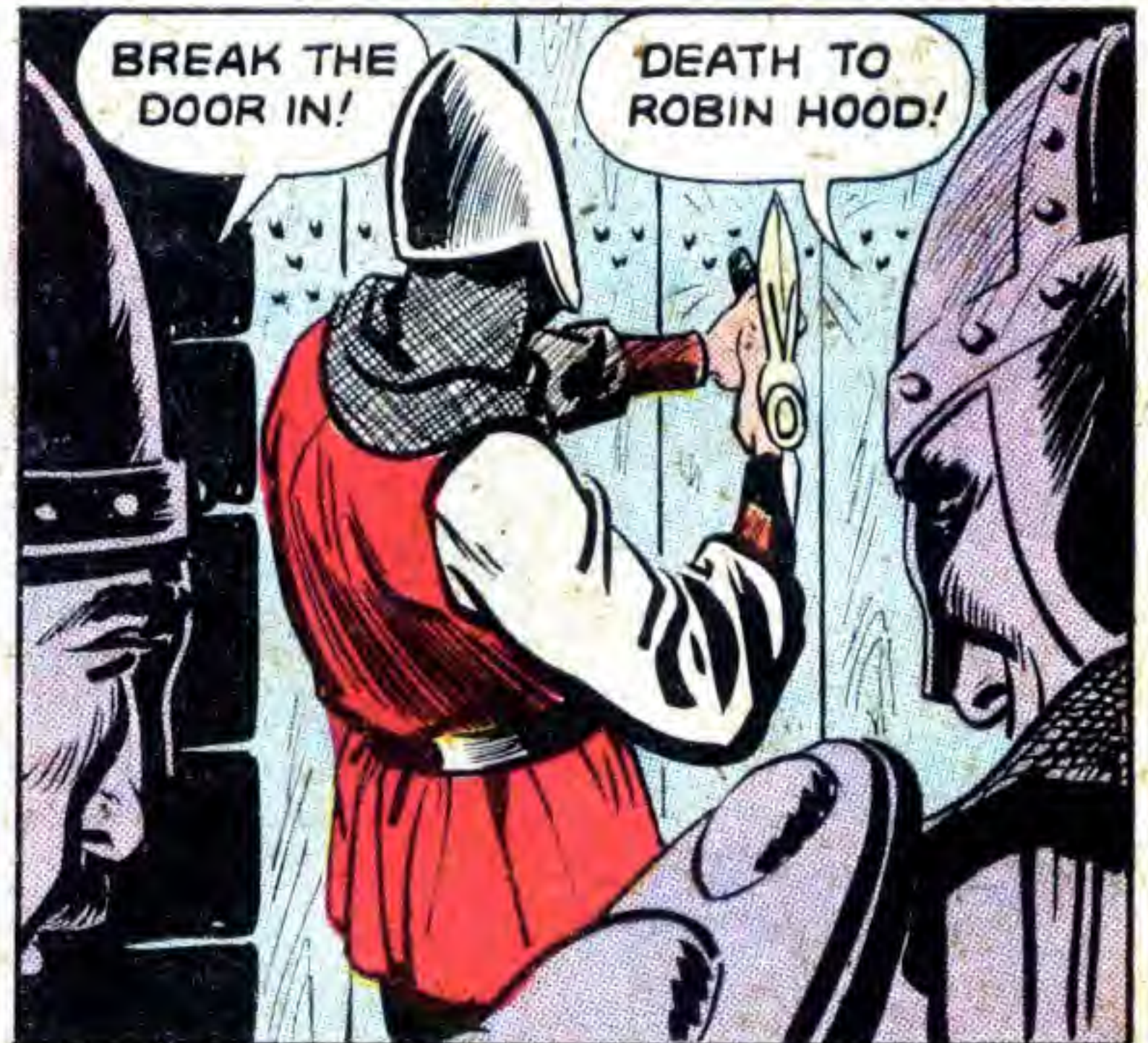
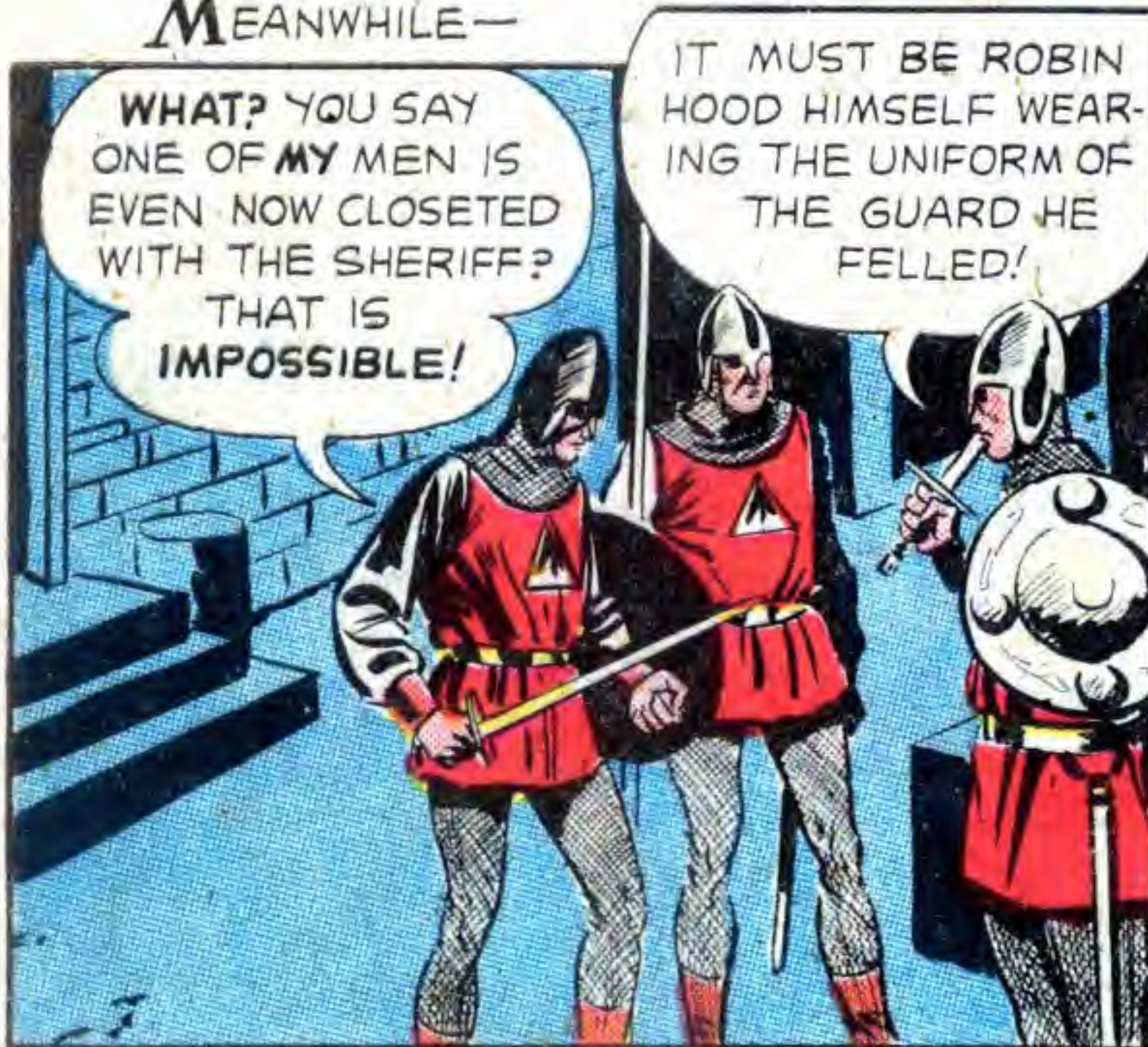




AT THIS MOMENT...



MEANWHILE—



JUST THEN...









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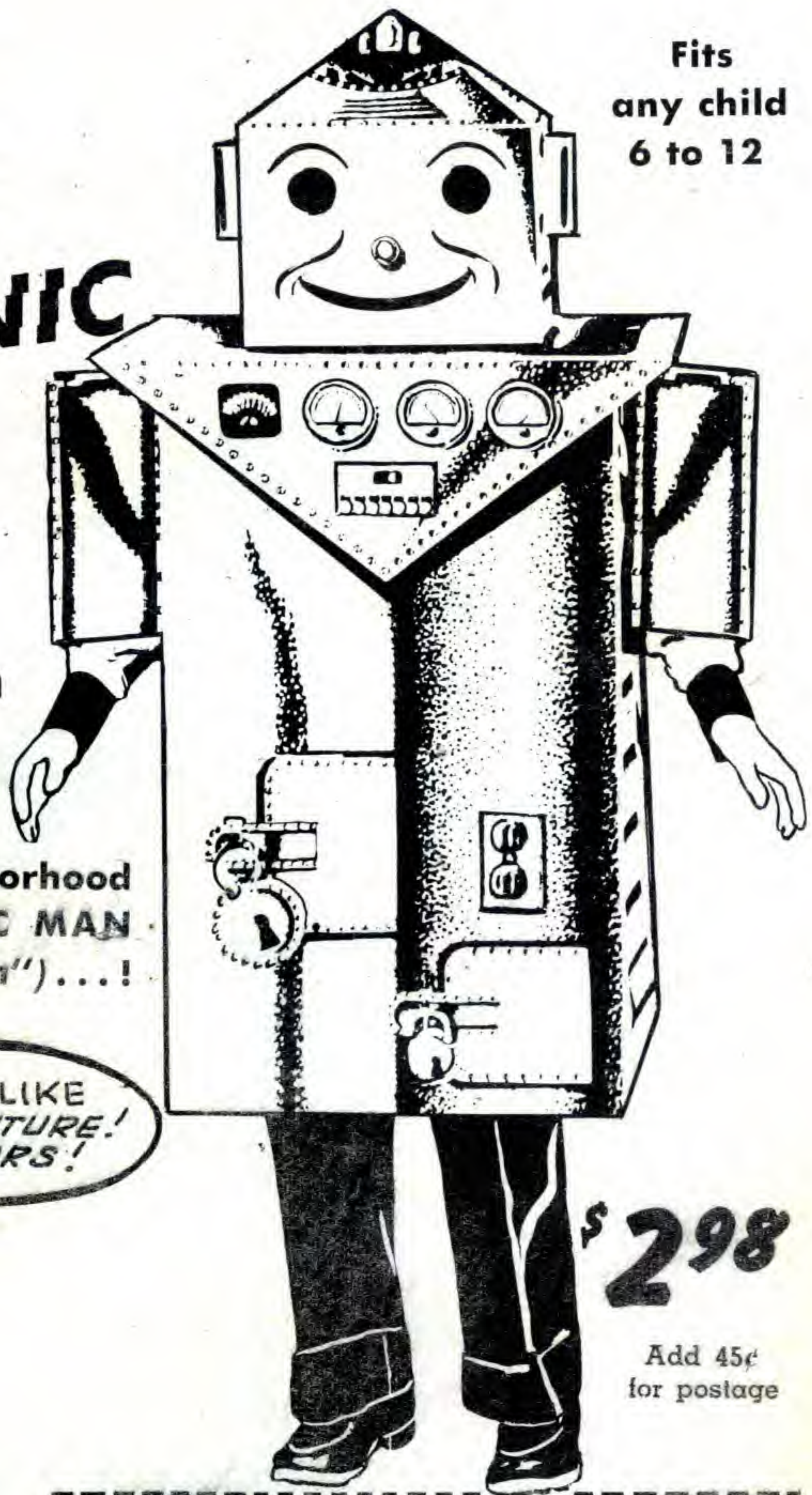
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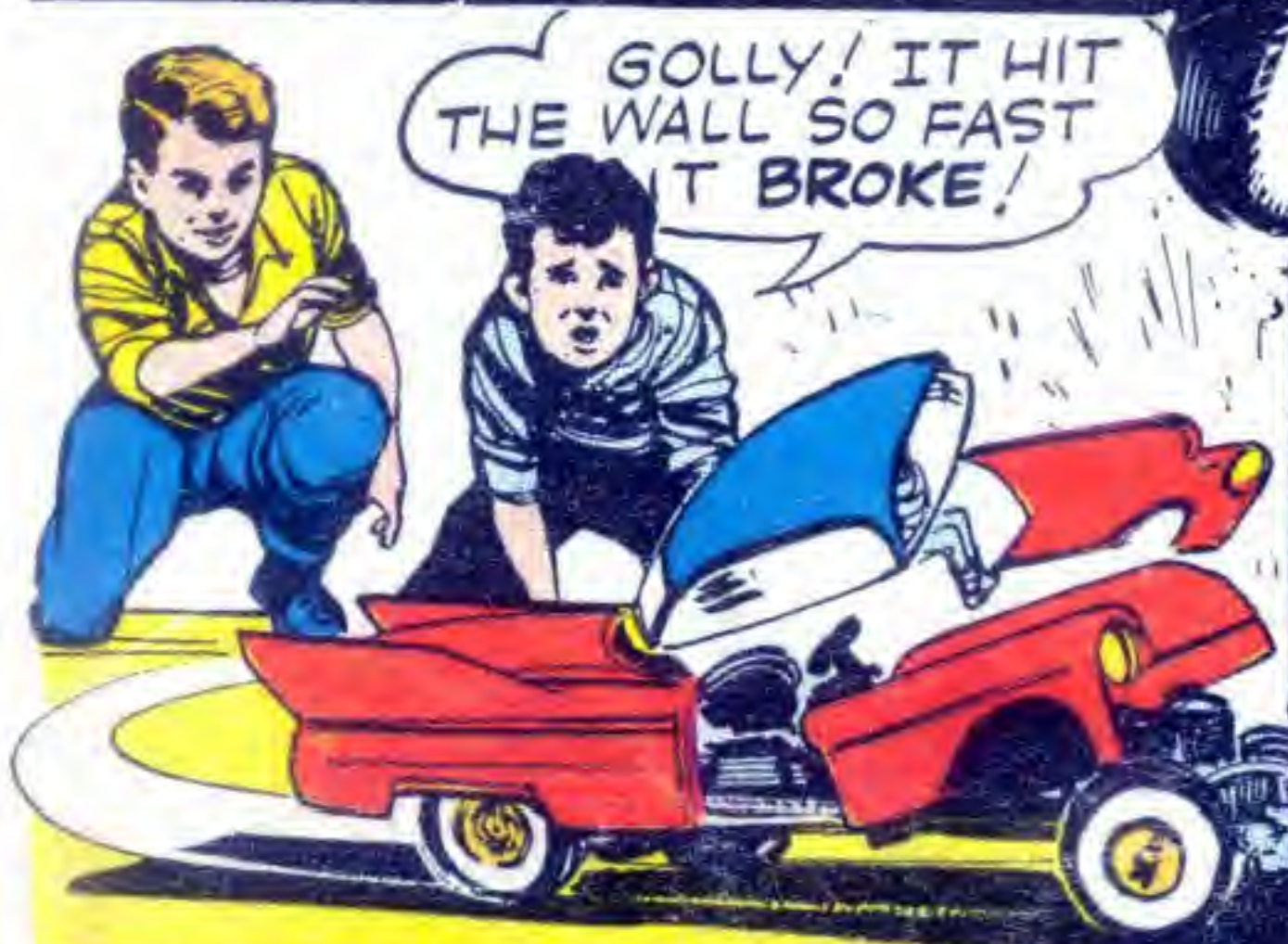
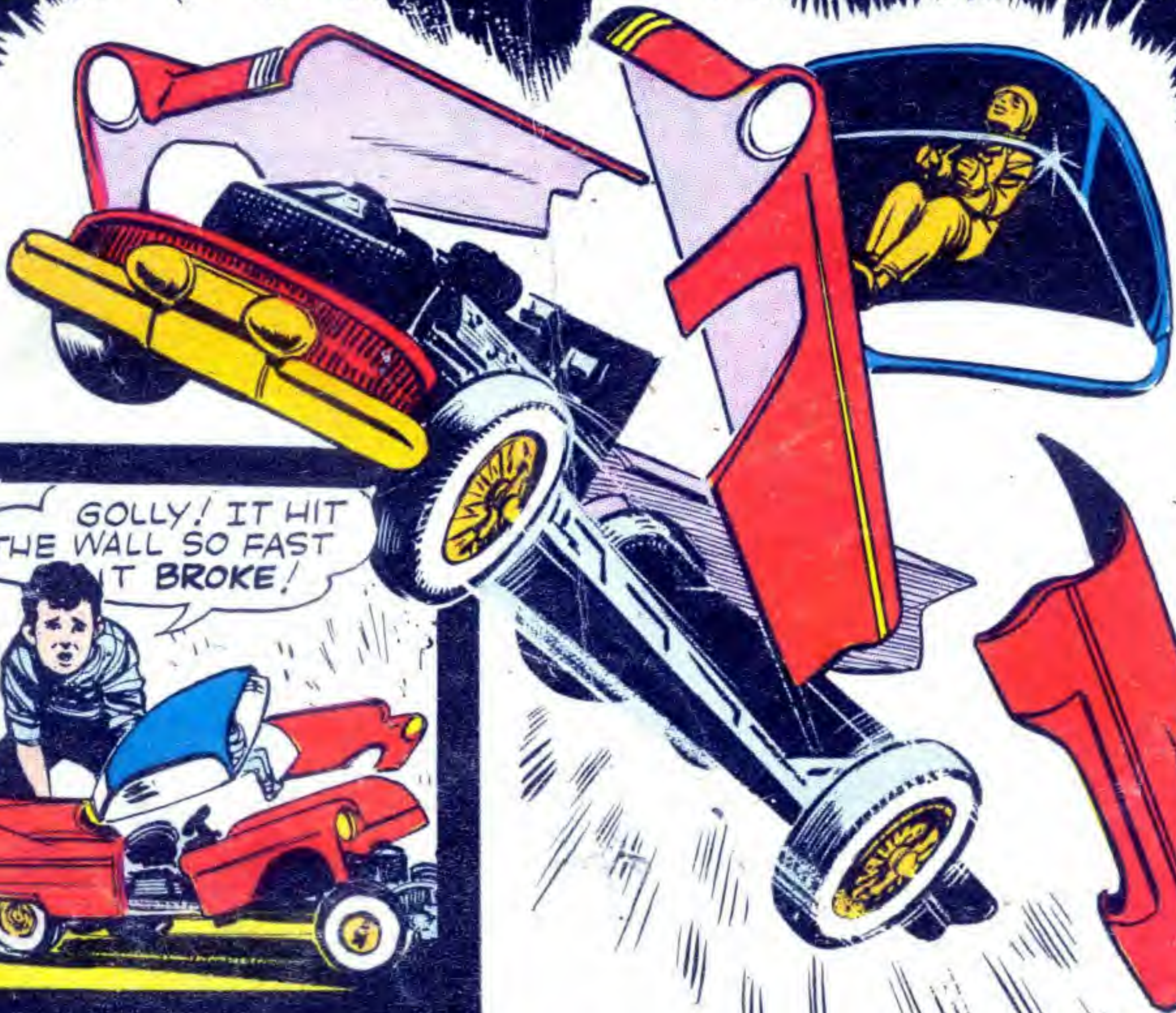
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